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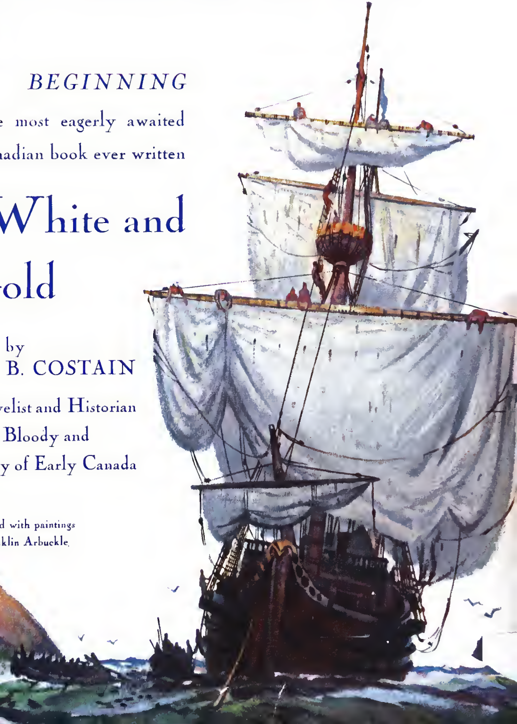

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MACLEAN'S
MARCH 15, 1954 VOLUME 67 NUMBER 6
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL

IN PRAISE OF WRONG 'UNS

TO MANY PEOPLE of good will and intelligence the twentieth-century philosopher Bertrand Russell is a crank, an irreverent show off, or a plain ordinary wrong 'un. For part of the winter we have been burrowing slowly through a big fat book he wrote during the war, A History of Western Philosophy. It contains a great deal that enhances our respect for Russell and, paradoxically, for his critics.

Russell says of Aristotle's Ethics: "The book appeals to the respectable middle aged and has been used by them, especially since the seventeenth century, to repress the ardors and enthusiasms of the young."

Aristotle's logic "shows great ability," but "any person in the present day who wishes to learn logic will be wasting his time if he reads Aristotle or any of his disciples."

Plato "is always concerned to advocate views which will make people what he thinks virtuous; he is hardly ever intellectually honest, because he allows himself to judge doctrines by their social consequences."

Epicurus "is constantly seduced by his own kindly and affectionate behavior into admirable behavior from which, on his own theories, he ought to have abstained."

Of the effect of enthroned authority on human thought Russell says: "Throughout modern times practically every advance in science, in logic, or in philosophy has had to be made in the teeth of the opposition from Aristotle's disciples."

We cannot presume to any opinion at all of the accuracy of these judgments. We quote them not as examples of manifest truth but as examples of magnificent impudence.

Samuel Johnson, in a famous phrase, once advised a friend to "clear your mind of cant." Whether Russell clears his mind of cant or of simple truth, as some people argue, is not the point we're debating here. We don't suggest that his example is one for the average man to follow; in most of us it would be impudence, but not magnificent. But we do suggest that it's a good thing to expose yourself to that kind of light hearted heresy, if only to examine the moth holes in your inherited prejudices.

It's disturbing, of course, to find that the moth holes exist. As Russell remarks in another chapter, "Logical errors are of greater practical importance than many people believe; they enable their perpetrators to hold the comfortable opinion on every subject in turn." And to be dislodged from a comfortable opinion is, by definition, not a comfortable experience.

It would be good for most of us though. Between mass communications and the digest of conventional views, we're in ever increasing danger of having our minds made up for us so often that we shall end by thinking they ought to be. Whether we agree with them or not, but especially if we don't, we ought to value the few original heretics this century has left alive.

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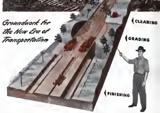
Groundwork for the New Era of Transportation
CLEARING
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Think for a moment of the work of your heart. In one hour it beats well over 4 000 times and pumps over 200 gallons of blood throughout the body. On and on it works for you with only a fraction of a second's rest between beats. In fact, the heart is one of the hardest working organs in the body.

Since the heart can never take a "holiday," it is wise for everyone, especially those who have reached middle age, to observe certain rules of living that may help the heart by lightening its load.

1. Keep your weight down. As we grow older, the heart finds it harder to do the extra work which excess weight places on it. While a normal heart is handicapped by obesity, the burden of excess pounds may be a particularly serious hazard for the heart that is impaired.

2. Make moderation the keynote of your daily living. When you rest, so does your heart. This is why sufficient sleep every night and plenty of relaxation are so important. You may help spare your heart possible strain if you avoid all excesses such as too much work under tension or strenuous exercise taken in "spurts."

3. Have all heart symptoms promptly investigated. Such symptoms as pain or a feeling of oppression in the chest, shortness of breath, rapid or irregular heartbeat cause untold worry and anxiety. While these symptoms may indicate heart trouble, they frequently are due to other causes and may be of little importance. Under any circumstances it is wise to have such symptoms promptly checked by your doctor.

4. Do not neglect periodic medical examinations. Regular check-ups often reveal heart disorders in their earliest stages when the chances for control and perhaps cure are best. It is wise to have complete examinations yearly or as often as the doctor recommends.

Although heart disease is a major health problem, important gains are being made against it. Methods of diagnosis have become more exact and means of controlling many heart conditions increasingly effective. As a result, more and more heart patients today can lead happy, useful lives and frequently enjoy their full span of years.

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London Letter

BY Beverley Baxter

What Can Save The Theatre?

IT MAY NOT BE so recorded in history but at the present time there is a civil war raging in Britain. Fortunately it is not a war of slaughter and violent death but there are heavy casualties just the same.

The struggle is a three-cornered one in which allies are apt to fire on each other. The aggressor is television, the allies are the living theatre and the cinema. And if anyone doubts that General Sherman was right when he said that war was hell, let him talk first to the hard pressed garrisons of the living theatre.

In the current Rodgers and Hammerstein hit on Broadway, Me and Juliet, there is a song which has this as its refrain:

The theatre is dying
The theatre is dying
The theatre is practically dead

Capacity audiences loudly applaud the number, and if any further encouragement were needed Doctor Hammerstein and Doctor Rodgers can look across the road where The King and I is still packed out.

The theatre has been dying for centuries but its demise is always postponed by the arrival at the bedside of a Shakespeare, an Irving, a Barrymore, a Shaw or a Gilbert complete with Sullivan.

When the first flicker pictures appeared the living theatre shook almost as violently as the characters on the screen. Here was a form of entertainment which could not only undersell the theatre but bring outstanding world stars to your neighborhood. Thus the people in the suburbs would no longer converge on the centre but take their pleasures nearer home.

However, the theatre still had a monopoly on the human voice whereas the twittering shadows on the screen could make no sound at all. So the theatre survived round one.

Then came the "talkies." I can remember going to the first showing of this miracle in London. Most of the film was still silent but there was a sequence where Al Jolson not only spoke but sang. "It will hurt the silent films" was the general verdict, "but on the other hand this bastard product, although it will not satisfy the ear, will kill the art of mime on which films are based." Whereupon the scientists continued to improve matters until the silent film stole away into an obscurity from which it would never emerge again, and the talkies were in complete control.

Movie critic Baxter [illegible] saying Marilyn Monroe (left) can act.

At that point the knees of the theatrical magnates knocked so hard together that they sounded like coconuts in a gale. Sound had been added satisfactorily to sight in the cinema! What could be done but adopt Horatio's words and say, "Good night sweet Theatre, and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

However, the theatre did not die, except in the suburbs and the small towns. But let there be no mistake about it, the kingdom of the theatre was shrinking and the process could never be reversed. More and more it centred in the metropolis and left the lesser cities to the picture palaces that showed the same array of stars as in New York and London.

When I was a young fellow in Toronto we had five theatres: the Princess, Toronto Opera House, Royal Alexandra, Shea's and a burlesque house called, I think, the Star or the Gayety, or both. At the Princess or the Royal Alex I saw Bernhardt, Forbes Robertson and Robert Loraine while my brain was fired with the flaming genius of Shakespeare, the stimulus of Shaw and the perfumed wit of Oscar Wilde. But those were the years of darkness before Hollywood had extended its frontiers of culture.

Now the Royal Alexandra remains alone in its glory save for some brave attempts at neighborhood repertory theatres. But not even the setting up of a Stratford Theatre in Ontario to challenge the supremacy of the Memorial Theatre at

Continued on page 69

Folks never seem to agree whether a picture like this is worth 1,000 words, or 10,000. We're not sure either--but as long as three of the words are "Snap! Crackle! Pop!" we won't quibble. Of course these words are part of every Kellogg's Rice Krispies picture because they're what the world's only talking cereal says to tell you how crisp it is. When you hear 'em, you can figure on some wonderful eating. So as Confucius didn't say: "Why put off for two morrows, what you can enjoy tomorrow?"

Snap
"Snap!"
"Crackle!"
"Pop!"

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BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

Will Dulles' Policy Wreck Nato?

ALARM is growing in Ottawa and in Europe, according to reports here, at the new global military strategy of the United States.

John Foster Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State, described the new policy as "a basic decision to depend primarily on a great capacity to retaliate by means and at places of our own choosing." Instead of the hundred NATO divisions that were the ultimate target of U.S. policy a year ago, NATO is now to be stabilized at half that strength. Local defenses are to be "reinforced by the further deterrent of massive retaliatory power."

As the implications of this are studied, and as reports accumulate from North Atlantic Treaty capitals, anxiety deepens. Some people think the whole North Atlantic Treaty Organization may collapse unless the U.S. can explain, quickly and convincingly, that the new strategy doesn't mean what it seems to mean.

It seems to mean that NATO partners are being asked to delegate to the United States their sovereign power to declare war.

The threat of "massive retaliation" is a threat of major war. NATO allies want to know who will decide what occasion or what provocation justifies the launching of a conflict in which, by the terms of the North Atlantic Treaty, all will be involved.

Dulles speaks of hitting back at an aggressor "by means and at places of our own choosing." Whose own choosing? NATO's? Or is it to be just Washington's own choosing with the rest of us dragged along willy-nilly?

That's one worry. Another, particularly strong in Europe, is that the new policy is really the beginning of "Operation Disengagement." The French especially are afraid that American isolationism has revived and that, on the pretext of efficiency, the United States is again withdrawing behind its own borders. Europe would be left to face an invasion with only its own scanty "local defenses"—to fight a losing infantry battle and then to wait for victory to come, if at all, by atomic reprisal from the air. To a continent which has been liberated once in the recent past the prospect is uninviting.

Washington has already explained, of course, that this is not what is meant. Allies are assured that there's been no change in basic objectives or grand strategy. The United States is not backing out of any commitment in the collective security network. Only the means have been altered, not the ends.

American spokesmen admit that one reason for the new policy is financial—they want to balance the budget now that the shooting war in Korea is over. They feel they can't keep up present outlays on defense without (as Dulles put it) "practical bankruptcy."

But they insist this economy is perfectly safe for everybody. A purely military appraisal of the new atomic weapons, the tactical weapons which President Eisenhower called "virtually conventional," indicates that spending and manpower can be cut with no loss of real strength. American officials point out that neither the Joint Chiefs of Staff nor any other generals

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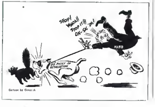
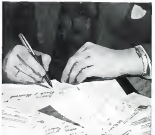

STOP! WHOA!! STOP IT!!! OK-SIC 'IM!
NATO
U.S. POLICY OF RETALIATION

Cartoon by Grassick



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Champlain: THE MAN WHO CAME TO STAY

Beginning the absorbing saga, by one of the world's great historians and storytellers, of the men and women whose deeds and visions won the land we now call Canada

Part One of THE WHITE AND THE GOLD

By THOMAS B. COSTAIN

Illustrated by Franklin Arbuckle

IN THE EARLY YEARS of the seventeenth century the rivers and lakes of North America were as silent as the coastline Sometimes a shadow would flit along the edges of the water, made by a birch-bark canoe so skilfully propelled that no ripple would mark its passing At night there might be many such Keen eyes might peer out from the forest depths but never in daylight would the figure of a bronze warrior be detected at the water's edge

In June of the year 1609 this for once was changed A shallop progressed up the Richelieu River a tributary of the St. Lawrence which rises in Iroquois country It was manned by twelve men each with a short barreled arquebuse slung over his shoulder At the prow stood the leader who would not abandon his dream, Samuel de Champlain, watching the shore line with a fascinated interest.

He was forty two years old, this Founder of New France with a quiet sober manner which carried nevertheless an air of distinction. He had a broad forehead, a long nose and the liberal mustache and small goatee which would be fixed later in the memories of men by the great Cardinal Richelieu. He had been born on the marshy shores of Saintonge on the Bay of Biscay and trained for the sea by his father Here he came into touch with men who were dreaming of a successful conquest of the New World This project fired his imagination and touched his idealistic side and he devoted his life to it He had first arrived in Canada six years previously as official observer and historian attached to an expedition from St Malo, and had at once ascended the great St Lawrence River by canoe as far as the Lachine Rapids,

Samuel de Champlain,

the leader who would not abandon his dreams,

slipped down the river toward Iroquois country

where no white man had ever been before

Madame de Champlain, twenty-two when she came to Canada, brought trunks filled with beautiful clothes from Paris.

n the wake of another St. Malo man, Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of anada, who had come this way more than half a century before.

Later Champlain had made a second voyage from France to the country f La Cadie (from the Indian word *aguoddie*, for pollock fish) later to be nown as Acadia. Now, on this third expedition, backed by the tough-inded shipowners of Rouen and St. Malo, he had been given command f one of three small ships. He had taken his vessel up the St. Lawrence until e came to the great dome of rock standing like a brooding sentry above the iver where it narrows to less than a mile. When his eyes first rested upon t he knew that here someday a great city would stand. He called it Quebec rom the Indian word *kebec* which meant a narrowing of waters. Now aboard he shallop he was doing his duty as he conceived it, exploring the poten ialities of the land to the westward to assure a steady flow into Quebec of he furs which would keep the expedition's investors in line.

In the wake of the shallop came birch-bark canoes in great numbers, all f them filled with the warrior allies of the French—Montagnais, Algonquin nd Huron. Although the party was striking south to make war on the roquois it traveled openly, which was indeed unique. Champlain had not ome into contact with the Iroquois but he had felt on every hand the dread hich they inspired. The Five Nations of the Iroquois, living in palisaded illages among the lakes of northern New York, were cruel and strong and, n an angry and arrogant way, ambitious. They were a conquering race nd could not brook any opposition. The Ongue Honwe they called them lves, "the men surpassing all others," and their right to such self praise is acked by a scientific examination of the skulls of representatives of all ndian tribes, a test from which the Iroquois emerge as the possessors of arger and more highly developed brain chambers than all the rest, including he native races of the south and west.

Champlain's expedition came close to an ending when it reached a large aterfall beyond which the shallop could not go. The explorer directed hat the shallop be headed back to where the Richelieu joined the St. awrence. Keeping no more than two volunteers from his company, he told his native companions that he was still prepared to go along with them. The ranks of the Indians had been thinning rapidly as they came closer to Iroquois territory and more left when they realized that only three of the Frenchmen would accompany them. The staunchest decided to keep on and places were made for the white men in the canoes. With an outward display of confidence they proceeded on their way.

The lake which they entered through the channel of Grande Isle proved to be the largest body of inland water on which the three Frenchmen had ever gazed. They studied its island-studded expanse with wondering eyes, refusing to believe when the Indians asserted that much larger lakes lay westward. Proceeding now with the utmost care they came to Lake George. On the evening of July 29 they sighted off a point of land—where later Fort Ticonderoga was to stand—a cluster of canoes on the surface of the water. The three white men in their soiled doublets and worn leather boots realized that this meant the clash they had come to invite. To their Indian allies the fact that the alien canoes far off in the distance were heavy in the water meant that they were made of elm bark. Only one tribe used the elm canoe. Iroquois!

It was too late to withdraw now. The warriors from the north realized that their boldness had brought them to a dangerous pass. Their savage enemies were out in force.

What followed bears no resemblance whatever to the established practices of Indian warfare which were predicated on surprise in attack. The two parties approached each other openly and a challenge to battle was exchanged in jeering voices across the tranquil water. Having clamored their contemptuous defiance, the Iroquois took to the shore and in a very short time there could be seen through the trees the flickering lights of their fires. All through the night the men of the Five Nations danced about the fires and sang war songs in shrill exultant voices. They were, it was clear, completely confident.

Champlain's companions maintained an equal show of assurance, lashed their canoes together and spent the night on the water. They returned

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The White and the Gold

THE WHITE AND THE GOLD was the royal standard of France, the *drapeau blanc* of pure white powdered with the gold of the fleur de lis. It had become the national flag of France with the accession of Henry IV, in whose reign Samuel de Champlain founded the colony of New France on the St. Lawrence. The White and the Gold was, however, not immediately popular with the French—white was the flag of the Huguenots and, at first, Henry's preponderantly Catholic subjects looked askance at it. But the Man from Navarre united a France long torn by regional strife and, moreover, was a good and wise King. By the time Champlain planted the standard on the rock which was to be Quebec all who served under Henry were proud to carry his flag. There had been flags of France before—the red Oriflamme of St. Denis, the ancient blue Chape of St. Martin; there were to be others. But the century which made Canada was spent under the white standard with its golden flowers.

The unconquered Iroquois stood face to face for the first time with strange white warriors. Then the stillness was shattered: Champlain had fired the first shot in one of history's longest and bitterest wars

jeer for jeer and insult for insult but it was hard to remain confident in the face of the uproar from the Iroquois camp

In the morning the three Frenchmen donned their breastplates which were so highly polished that they caught the rays of the rising sun and sent fingers of reflected light out across the waters of the lake. Champlain himself donned a casque with a white plume as the mark of leadership. The men loaded their carbines and filled the ammunition straps slung across their shoulders. Each of them was equipped as well with sword and dagger. Their fingers were steady and their eyes did not waver as they peered into the depths of the forest where the Iroquois were preparing.

It was arranged that the white men would go ashore in different canoes and keep apart in the battle in order to give more effect to the discharge of their guns. To make their presence a surprise for the overconfident Iroquois, they hid themselves under robes in the bottom of the canoes. On landing they remained in the rear where they could not be seen.

The warriors of the Long House, who had nothing but contempt for their northern foes, came out to do battle with taunting laughter. Champlain estimated their number at two hundred and he was surprised at their physical magnificence. Tall, lithe, splendidly thewed, they were superior in every respect to the braves from the north. Three chiefs, their heads topped with snowy plumes, strode boldly in the lead, their eyes fierce, their stone hatchets held aloft. The allies, whose response to the militant howling of the Iroquois had become somewhat forced and reedy, now proceeded in great haste to carry out the plan which Champlain himself had prepared. Their ranks parted and he stepped forward slowly into the breach thus made in the line. Seeing a white man for the first time the Ongue Honwe fell into a startled silence. Their eyes lost for a moment the glitter of tribal hate and became filled with awe. This, clearly, was a white god who had come down from the sky to fight on the side of the despised Hurons. The stone hatchets, no longer brandished in the air, hung at their sides.

Although Champlain advanced with no sign of haste, he knew that the Iroquois pause was a momentary one, that they would recover their fighting spirit immediately. It was clear to him also that the Huron braves lacked the fighting pitch to sustain a charge from their hereditary enemies who outnumbered them several times over. The balance between life and death hung tautly in the air. In no more than a second of time it would be

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The Cover

The ship that brought Champlain to Canada on his fourth voyage was the Don de Dieu, shown here anchored off Tadoussac. Artist Franklin Arbuckle constructed his cover painting from contemporary drawings and models placed by sailors in maritime churches as good-luck offerings.

Courts acquitted H. S. Gerson (hiding behind hat) of any wrong-doing. But before his trial the Canadian government denied him ordinary civil rights

Can McCarthy Happen Here?

By BLAIR FRASER

The answer is "yes." This searching study of the U. S. investigating committees and their Canadian equivalents — including the prelude to the Ottawa spy case of 1945 — reveals that Canadians have no cast-iron guarantees against judgment without fair trial

SO FAR, Canada has never had to take McCarthyism seriously. Its only prominent advocate here has been John Blackmore, the Social Credit MP from Lethbridge, Alta., and even among Social Crediters John Blackmore is often a minority of one. His defense of Senator Joe McCarthy personally, like his proposal for a McCarthy type committee to investigate Communist infiltration of the Canadian government service, roused more mirth than serious interest.

There was more than a touch of comic opera, too, about our most recent direct contact with a U. S. Congressional committee enquiry. That was the visit of Senator William Jenner and Pat McCarran, respectively chairman and ex chairman of the U. S. Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee.

From the time the last flash bulb popped at their arrival in Montreal's Central Station to the moment they got back to Washington some forty-eight hours later, both senators were visibly aware of being in a strange and alien land. One of their first disillusionments came when they ordered a Kentucky bourbon before lunch and found to their horror that they'd have to take rye.

They were here to interview Igor Gouzenko, the onetime Soviet cipher clerk who exposed a Communist spy ring in Canada eight years ago. Canadian officials hadn't wanted the visit in the first place and although they were punctiliously courteous they were also very formal. The Gouzenko hearing "somewhere in Canada" could hardly have been more unlike the newsreel and television show which the senators are accustomed to put on. Chief Justice J. C. McRuer of the Ontario Supreme Court presided and kept rigid control of procedure. The physical setting was comfortable but stately and the spectators were a handful of U. S. and Canadian officials and nobody else.

Senator McCarran, whose reputation has not been built upon reticence, was so quelled by his strange environment that he asked only one question of Gouzenko:

"Is there anything you would have said to us alone, that you don't feel free to say at this hearing?"

Gouzenko said there wasn't. When I talked later to Senator McCarran in Washington he said the trip to Canada had been worth while but he didn't sound very convincing. Other people called it a waste of time.

But at least the Gouzenko hearing did no one any harm. By Canadian stipulation it was private, the transcript subject to Canadian scrutiny before publication. No one was in danger of being smeared by a casual question, or by hearsay evidence, or by remote association with some now-condemned cause or person.

All these things have happened at Congressional committee hearings from time to time. A Congressional committee is not a court of law; it offers none of the usual protections and prerogatives to an accused person. He may not cross-examine witnesses who testify against him; he may not call witnesses of his own to contradict them. Often he isn't even told that some damaging statement is to be made against him so as to prepare a denial or an explanation. Most committees allow witnesses to have legal counsel (though even that is purely a privilege, not a right) but their counsel may not ask questions or make statements.

Yet the witness, thus unprotected, is almost as much in jeopardy before a Congressional investigation as if he were on trial in court. If he makes a misstatement he may be prosecuted for perjury; if he refuses to answer questions he may be imprisoned for contempt; in any case, merely by the accusation itself, he may have been placed in grave danger of losing his job and being unable to find another.

Last December I sat in a Washington committee room and watched Senator McCarthy, with evident relish, wreck the career of a young physicist whose colleagues in Canada and the U. S. rate him among the ablest radar men on the continent. His name is Aaron Coleman; at that time he was still on the staff of the U. S. Signal Corps research station at Fort Monmouth, N.J.

Coleman had two or three scrapes with security authorities during his fourteen years on secret radar work. Once he wrote home from Guadalcanal, where he was serving with the Marines, for some classified information on which he'd worked before enlistment. In 1946 he took home some classified documents for work he wanted to do that night. For this breach of regulations he was reprimanded at the time and suspended for several days without pay. Also he had been a college classmate of Julius Rosenberg, the spy executed last year, and an ex-Communist informer had told of seeing him at Young Communist League meetings in 1937, when he was a student. (Coleman said he did go to one such meeting but wasn't attracted to the Young Communists and never went back.)

That is the entire case against Aaron Coleman. None of it was new, none of it was discovered by Senator McCarthy at any time. It had all been hashed over many times at loyalty "screenings."

First the army cleared Coleman and sent him back to work. Later, as the spy scare mounted, he was put on a job that gave him no access to secret material. It wasn't much of a job for a man of unusual talent but it was a living. After McCarthy made the case public, though, Coleman was fired.

Nathanial Mills, a suspended GE employee, is ejected from McCarthy hearing after accusing the senator of "conspiring with the company"

This sort of rough justice, and such performances as the Jenner-McCarran expedition, have created two general impressions in Canada about U. S. Congressional committee enquiries:

1. They are a lamentable defect of the United States system of government, and
2. Nothing remotely like them could happen in Canada.

Both impressions are wrong. McCarthyism could indeed happen here, might very well have happened had Canada not been as lucky as the United States was unlucky in her first exposure of the Communist conspiracy after the war. Many a near comparison, not all to Canada's advantage, can be drawn between Congressional enquiries and our Canadian Parliamentary committees and royal commissions.

A Parliamentary committee is composed of MPs or senators or both and includes representatives of all parties in rough proportion to their strength in the respective Houses. A royal commission is appointed by the government, its members usually though not always from outside politics. Committees and royal commissions both make their own rules within the powers and the terms of reference laid down for them by parliament or the government. Constitutionally, a Canadian Parliamentary committee or royal commission can commit any violation of individual liberty that can be committed by a U. S. Congressional enquiry.

U. S. Congressional enquiries, incidentally, have made many contributions to good government. It was the very subcommittee now headed by McCarthy which in the last Congress exposed the "five percenters" who made a fat living out of "knowing the right people" in Washington. This was a Democratic Congress. The committee had a Democratic majority and a Democratic chairman. It turned up the mink coats, the deep freezes and the other strangely generous gifts to White House hangers-on that did as much to defeat the Democrats in 1952.

About the same time a Canadian Parliamentary committee, with a solid Liberal majority, undertook to investigate the handling of the foot-and-mouth disease epidemic in Saskatchewan. There was no corruption here but there certainly was gross incompetence. Conservative and CCF members were able to make that fact clear in a piecemeal fashion at the hearings in Ottawa. But no real rebuke was ever spoken, no real attempt ever made to single out the officials responsible. After a fumble

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McCARTHY, JENNER AND "JUDGE" VELDE HEAD THE THREE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEES THAT INVESTIGATE COMMUNISM

SEN. JOSEPH R. McCARTHY

CHAIRMAN, PERMANENT SUBCOMMITTEE ON INVESTIGATIONS

McCarthy's committee is the world's most publicized if not the most effective. His hearings, like the one below quizzing Harvard professor Wendell Furry this year, has never exposed a highly placed Red.

SEN. WILLIAM E. JENNER

CHAIRMAN, INTERNAL SECURITY SUBCOMMITTEE

Newsreel cameras used miles of film when Jenner's committee heard Attorney General Herbert Brownell in famed Harry Dexter White case. Once a staunch McCarthy man, Jenner has been following the GOP

REP. HAROLD H. VELDE

CHAIRMAN, HOUSE UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

Velde spends three hundred thousand dollars a year investigating Communism. His wagging finger (below) is directed at actor Lionel Stander in typical hearing. Velde tried to subpoena Harry Truman last winter

Brian Boru

was a racing pigeon;
Larry Dunne was his master—
at least, that's the way
it began.
This new tale of old Dublin
shows that a man should
never give all of his
heart to anything

By Sean O'Faolain

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES HILL

Brian Boru was without doubt the fastest bird in the club. But he had that one fatal flaw

MEN WHO GO INTO COMPETITION WITH THE WORLD are broken into fragments by the world, and it is such men we love to analyze. But men who do not go into competition with the world remain intact, and these men we cannot analyze. They are always contented men, with modest ambitions. Larry Dunne was that kind of man. All that there is to say about him, therefore, is that he bred pigeons and was happy.

And yet this unconditional lump of reality, this unrefracted thought in the mind of God, suddenly did fall into fragments. He fell for the same reason as Adam. For when God was saying, "Orchards for Adam," and "Finance for J. P. Morgan," and "Politics for Teddy Roosevelt," and "Pigeons for Larry Dunne," he must have added (*sotto voce*): "But one pigeon he must never control." And it was to that one pigeon, that one ambition, that Larry Dunne gave his heart. The pigeon's name was Brian Boru. Larry got him on his thirty-fifth birthday from his father.

Any evening that summer you could have met Larry at the pigeon club—it sat every night under the canal bridge on the towpath—and you might have guessed in what direction his heart was already moving by the way he talked endlessly without ever mentioning the fatal bird. You might have heard him towering over the rest of the club, talking of his runts, tumblers, pouters, homers, racers, without ever mentioning Brian Boru; you might have heard how he had a jacobin, and nearly had a scanderoon; how "Pigeons, mind you, must never be washed, only sprayed with rain water. And what's more, pigeons should be sprayed from the shoulders down, never the head, unless you want them to die of meningitis." What a scoundrel the man in Saint Rita's Terrace was, a low fellow who kept budgerigars and had once actually said that pigeons were mere riff-raff. How his father had stolen a sacred pigeon out of an Indian temple when he was in Rangoon with the Royal Irish. "And what's more, you should never dry a pigeon, unless, to be sure, you wrapped him up in warm flannel, which isn't the same thing." And anyway, what were budgerigars? Only pups off parrots. "They are not even called budgerigars! They call them budgies—as if anyone would ever dare to call a pigeon a pidgy! Doesn't it show yeh?"

But whatever he spoke of, or whomever he spoke to, you might notice that he never spoke to one little runt of a man who always listened to him with a sly sneering smile on his face. That was the club member whose Michael Collins the Second had beaten Larry's Brian Boru in every race since the season began—beaten the bird that had laid its beak on Larry's heart.

NOBODY KNEW the history of that Brian Boru. Whatever his pedigree, the bird was a marvel. Such speed! Such direction! Such a homer! A bird that had only one flaw!

Time and again when there was a race Larry had seen that faint speck of joy come into the sky over the flat counties and the checkered market gardens where he lived, each time half an hour, at the very least, ahead of every other bird in the team, and on one occasion as much as fifty-eight minutes ahead of them, and that in the teeth of a thirty mile gale. For while other birds had to follow the guiding shore line, or the railway line that dodged the hills, Brian came sailing over mountain top and moor like an arrow from the bow. Time and again, after greeting him with an adoring shout, Larry had

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LA PRESSE
L'OUEST ÉTUDIE L'OFFRE DE PAIX RUSSE
STOP

In Quebec almost everybody reads La Presse. That's because it is shrewdly tailored for French-Canadian tastes. Its home is the old building at right

In the heyday of razzle-dazzle newspapers Montreal's La Presse became the biggest paper in Canada with stunts like inciting a mutiny and sneaking into death cells. Now it blushes at its past and concentrates on its solid reputation as

the pulse of French Canada

By McKENZIE PORTER

DURING THE days of its flaming youth La Presse of Montreal burgeoned into Canada's biggest newspaper on a policy of sensational news and spectacular stunts. At various times reporters stole a bloodstained murder axe, persuaded a condemned man to pose for pictures in his death cell while playing a violin, and dragged a corpse into the newsroom before they wrote about its discovery. The bizarre pages of La Presse once prompted the late Henri Bourassa, editor of the rival Le Devoir, to describe it as "*la putain de la Rue St. Jacques*" — "the harlot of St. James Street."

Now running second only to the Toronto Star in circulation, La Presse, over the past thirty years, has shown an increasing decorum but its greatest appeal still is that it is unique. Most French Canadians love a lawsuit so La Presse gives detailed coverage to court proceedings. There are up to two columns every day in small type of the most minor legal decisions and even a man whose car is seized for nonpayment of debts cannot avoid its attention. The widespread family connections of most French Canadians give news value to numerous obituaries, printed free, of obscure citizens and the paper prints long lists of mourners.

Every week between five hundred and a thousand distressed La Presse readers seek advice from a column known as Le Courrier de Colette, conducted for fifty-one years by a frail septuagenarian spinster named Edouardine Lesage. So familiar is her pseudonym that now even the three elderly sisters with whom she lives in a quiet Montreal suburb address her as Colette.

In her answers to problems on love, children, cooking, dress and etiquette Colette is sometimes sympathetic, sometimes stern and sometimes tart but always within the limits of good Catholic doctrine. Her readers seem more concerned than correspondents of similar English-language columns with matters of good manners, dress and taste and less concerned with the suspected infidelities of husbands, wives and sweethearts.

One girl wrote recently asking whether she ought to buy her fiancé's father a birthday gift. "No," replied Colette. "You may buy your future mother-in-law a gift but it is not customary in such cases for a young girl to give presents to her future father-in-law."

When a country girl asked Colette's advice about getting a job in Montreal the columnist replied: "Stay with your parents. Do not seek adventure. You will only lose some feathers and make your mother weep."

A boy of twenty complained that he lacked friends. Colette advised him to seek in himself the cause of his loneliness. "Perhaps you have a difficult character," she wrote. "Friendship may only be won, never demanded. But take heart. You are young enough to change shoulders with your rifle."

Anywhere in Quebec province La Presse men are usually first on the scene of a story because of tips from more than a thousand district correspondents, many of them village priests, postmasters, school teachers and civil servants. And although La Presse is published in Canada's most highly urbanized territory, a Saturday agricultural page — on which recently the first and second stomachs of a cow were discussed with solemn authority — reflects the newspaper's bid for the farmers' attention.

There is such heavy coverage of Catholic news that even La Presse men tell the legend of the woman who telephoned Cardinal Léger's palace to enquire if he was ill. When told no, and asked to explain her question, she replied, "Well, I didn't see his picture in La Presse today."

Even off the news pages, the contents of La Presse set in bold relief the temperamental differences of its readers from those of English-speaking Canada. A phenomenon curious to English-speaking readers is a column of doctors' advertisements. Most French Canadian doctors, like their English-speaking colleagues, regard advertising as a breach of professional etiquette.

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Hervé Major toned down the once rambunctious La Presse and gave emphasis to Quebec's crimes and news. Frail spinster Edouardine Lesage called Colette writes a lovelorn column.

These La Presse stunts sent its circulation soaring

La Presse front pages in 1901 featured, left, a race around the world involving two staff men and a promotion to prove the St. Lawrence was navigable to ocean steamers the year round

Few writers created as many sensational stories as Louis LaFerriere who once promoted a mutiny

To prove the river was navigable, the paper bought this icebreaker and named it La Presse

DES AMIS FONT LA CHAÎNE POUR PROTÉGER UN HOMME SUR QUI ILS

Another promotion was a footrace in which contestants carried two-hundred-pound bags of salt. So many thousands watched that a cordon of reporters had to keep them from the race route

Blanche Lund missed only eight working days having Brian, who is nine months old. She did the choreography for husband Alan's dances.

They're the happiest couple in Show Business

Canada saw the Lunds in 1945 when the navy show toured. In England Noel Coward tried vainly to get them released for his revue.

London and New York acclaimed the devoted Lunds before Canada realized that these Toronto dancers—who refused to let polio or parenthood stop them – were about the best ballroom team since the fabulous Astaires

By MARJORIE EARL

IT'S PART of the legend of show business that dance teams look like love's young dream in public but that in private they act like a couple of boxers squaring off in a championship fight. Moreover, it's part of the folklore that they're homeless, childless, temperamental and boastful partners who war with band leaders, agents, other performers and themselves.

But none of this applies to Canadian dancers Blanche and Alan Lund who have been called the happiest couple in show business by backstage gossips in Canada, the United States and Great Britain. For the Lunds are no ordinary dance team.

No ordinary dancer, for example, could survive an attack of infantile paralysis *and* a fractured foot. Blanche has done both. Only an unusual woman can fit into one harmonious program a husband, a baby, a home *and* a career that consumes more physical energy in one day than a coal miner uses in three. Blanche does it as easily as she executes a breathtaking *jeté* on a polished dance floor.

No ordinary husband, whether he's a dancer or not, deliberately chooses to live with his mother-in-law. But Alan, who can twirl his wife's mother around his finger as easily as he swings his wife over his head, wouldn't dream of living anywhere else.

Alan and Blanche began to dance together when they were thirteen years old. In those days they used to plaster their hair down and wear sophisticated costumes because they wanted to be like their favorite dancers, Veloz and Yolanda. Today after sixteen years of partnership, nine of marriage and nearly one of parenthood they couldn't look sophisticated if they tried. Dark-haired and dark-eyed, both wear perpetually expectant smiles as though they were planning to slip into the movies to hold hands.

Their dancing is as bright and appealing as their appearance. It first attracted international attention when they starred in Meet the Navy, the Canadian navy show which toured Canada in 1943-44, Great Britain in 1944-45, and parts of continental Europe after VE Day. Their impact on England was such that six leading agents competed to handle them, and they became the subject of a private war between the Canadian Navy and Noel Coward, who tried in vain to get them released from the service because, he said, "I am determined to present them in my own show." Since then they have danced to clamorous audiences and enthusiastic critics in leading cabarets in the United States and have been acclaimed in four musical shows in Canada and three in London. Once they were invited to Hollywood to make a film and twice they have been presented to the Royal Family.

They have been judged as good as Fred and Adele Astaire (by Adele Astaire) and as famous as the American acting team, the Lunts (by Alfred Lunt). In May 1952 they became the first Canadian entertainers to sign a television contract with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

The Lunds are so modest and unassuming they sometimes do themselves a disservice. For example, when they toured Canada in the winter of 1952 with Royal Command Variety, a musical show starring British comedian Tommy Trinder, Jack Arthur, executive producer of the Canadian National Exhibition, asked them if they had ever done any choreography. "A little," they told him. "They've done plenty," volunteered Tommy Trinder. "They were choreographers for two musical successes in London, Irene in 1945 and Together Again in 1946." So Arthur invited them to perform and also to arrange some of the dances in the 1952 Exhibition. He was so pleased with the result that last year they arranged all but the two precision numbers staged by Arthur's wife.

Husband-and-wife dance teams are usually childless because they cannot afford the time to have a family. Blanche had a son, Brian, in June 1953 at a cost of only eight working days. Although she did not dance during the latter part of her pregnancy she continued as choreographer and instructor for The Big Revue. Two days after the baby was born she was sitting up in bed sketching routines for the Exhibition. In six weeks she was dancing again.

They Call This An Argument

Blanche and Alan work continuously. When they are in a show they rehearse for several hours a day. If they are "resting," as unemployment is called in show business, they practice from eight to twelve hours a day. They have no time for hobbies, recreations or vacations. This is the kind of program that makes ordinary dancers' nerves wear out faster than their practice shoes. But in the sixteen years they've been dancing Blanche and Alan have had only one quarrel. It was over a boiled egg. Since then they occasionally have what they describe as an argument. It sounds like this:

"It seems to me, darling, you should have come in on the second bar."

"But darling, I can't do that because I'll be facing the wrong way."

"No you won't, dear. If you do it like this (brief demonstration) you'll move right in on beat."

"But darling, I think it would look better if we did it the other way."

When they toured in Meet the Navy this honeyed sparring was a service joke. Last December, when they danced at the London Palladium, it provoked amazement and incredulity. "Believe me, I've seen a lot of it—husbands and wives together in this crazy business," said Paddy Roach, an old-timer who always dresses them when they appear on the London stage. "But I've never seen anything like this. An *argument*, they call it."

The only serious arguments they have had with anyone were with their parents when they decided they wanted to be

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Off stage or on the Lunds are rarely separated

Recovering from polio, Blanche's first steps were to greet Alan.

They admit one quarrel in ten married years

Blanche pirouetted to the top on a foot broken in three places.

The Lunds go sightseeing in London where they've had three hits.

Baroness von Neurath and her daughter spearhead the ceaseless campaign to free the seven Nazi war criminals held in Berlin's notorious Spandau Pris

The Waiting Wives of Spandau

What's it like to be the wife of a war criminal? This first-hand report takes you into the homes and hearts of the women—once the elite of Hitler's Germany—whose fight for their husbands' freedom has reached kings, presidents and even the Archbishop of Canterbury

A BONUS-LENGTH FEATURE

BY JACK FISHMAN

Luise Funk tries every angle in a bid to regain possession of Berghof, her former Bavarian mansion

SINCE THE July day of 1947 when sev of the surviving Nazi war leaders enter the grim Spandau Prison in Berlin to beg their sentences for crimes against humanit their wives and families began to serve sentences their own. The men—Deputy Führer Rudolf He Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz, Hitler Youth Lead Baldur von Schirach, Reichsbank Minister Walth Funk, Grand Admiral Erich Raeder, Minister War Production Albert Speer, and ex-Foreig Minister Baron Konstantin von Neurath—ha gone behind bars in the maximum security fo tress for terms ranging from ten years to life. A their wives are still alive, although Von Schirac divorced him in 1950. With the devotion that expected of a German *Hausfrau* they immediate set up the exclusive Spandau Club which has th simple rules:

To exchange all information on what is tak place in Spandau.

To work politically to improve conditio within the prison.

To secure the release of the seven men th as quickly as possible.

Frau Winifred von Mackensen, the daughter Baron von Neurath, is the undisputed leader the club, which includes six wives and ex Henriette, Von Schirach's ex-wife. The only associate member is Heinrich Hoffmann junior, Von Schirach's brother-in-law.

I traveled thousands of miles throughout Germany to meet these women, to hear from their own lips what it's like to be the wife of a convicted war criminal, to find out what progress they're making toward the release of the world's most closely guarded prisoners, to see if they cherish hopes of a return to the grandeur that was once theirs as members of the inner circle around Hitler.

I found that, guided by the shrewd diplomatic knowledge and connections of the once-powerful Von Neurath family, they are exploring every possible political or diplomatic avenue in trying to help their men.

"I won't forget Spandau," Dr. Konrad Adenauer, West Germany's Premier, assured Winifred von Mackensen before leaving for Washington early in 1953 to visit President Eisenhower. Nor did he. Spandau was one item discussed that did not appear on the official agenda.

Winifred von Mackensen and Luise Funk plead for leniency on humanitarian grounds. "Our men have been punished enough," they say. "They can do no more harm." Shrewdly, the justice of the Nuremberg War Crimes Tribunal is never questioned.

Four of the Spandau wives have approached the Pope. *Frau* von Mackensen had a private audience with him; so did Inge Doenitz. *Frau* Doenitz also asked the Archbishop of Canterbury to intercede on behalf of the men. Raeder's wife hoped that her acquaintance with the Pope, whom she had known when he was Cardinal Pacelli, would be remembered by His Holiness. *Frau* Funk spent an hour and a quarter with Cologne's famous Cardinal Frings and during the audience offered to become a convert to Catholicism. Immediately afterward a personal interview was arranged with Adenauer. The result of all this pressure on Church and State alike led, for instance, to the prisoners being allowed to write home weekly instead of once a month.

The United Nations was not forgotten and two petitions were sent to the then-Secretary General, Trygve Lie. The UN declined to take any action.

The three Allied high commissioners in Western Germany are being frequently petitioned. Winifred von Mackensen was very friendly with the late Sir Nevile Henderson, Britain's Ambassador to Germany when war was declared. She was able to see Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, British High Commissioner and a former colleague of Henderson.

The interview on the Spandau situation was conducted with strict formality. "Couldn't you try to speak in England or do something for my father?" asked *Frau* von Mackensen.

"Nothing can be done," replied Sir Ivone, and the interview came to an end.

Baroness von Neurath appealed to her girlhood friend, the late Queen Mary, asking her to use her influence to get her husband into a sanatorium from Spandau. This letter was followed by yet another from the Von Neuraths' close friend, the Countess of Stauffenberg, who had also known the Queen during her Württemberg days. The Kings of Sweden and Denmark, both of whom the Baroness von Neurath knew well, were asked to do whatever they could for Von Neurath.

When President Truman was in office, Princess Ysenburg of Bavaria delivered a letter from the Von Neuraths. On Eisenhower being voted into the White House, he was asked to contact Malenkov with a view to securing the release of Von Neurath, Raeder and Doenitz, as it was thought that Russia, having granted an amnesty to war prisoners, might now be more amenable.

No possibility was overlooked by the relatives and friends of the living ghosts of Nuremberg to get them out before their legal time. To break the power of Spandau control, family lawyers proposed, at one time, that the prisoners should become the responsibility of the countries whose nationals had arrested them in the first place, but the idea was dropped when it was realized that Erich Raeder was captured by the Russians.

Yet another line of

Continued on page 43

THEIR MEN BEHIND BARS, THE WOMEN PLAN AND PRAY

Ilse Hess, supported by a mysterious income, lives and writes in a converted barn. Neither she nor son Wolf has seen Rudolf Hess for thirteen years

Winifred von Mackensen, leader of the Spandau Club, supports her failing mother on a walk. The Baroness was a friend of the late Queen Mary

Left: Margarete Speer, mother of six, thinks her husband Albert has already paid debt to society. Right: Luise Funk offers "a fine" for her husband

Left: Erika Raeder is most bitter of the waiting wives, says Nuremberg court had no legal powers. Right: Inge Doenitz dreams of a return to renown

This photo of his children hangs in Albert Speer's cell. Hilde (second from left) is now learning the ways of democracy by living temporarily in the U.S.

Three of the Von Schirach children (with their dog Nylon) appear in family album photo. Not shown is daughter Angelica, named for Hitler's niece

A COAL TOWN FIGHTS FOR ITS LIFE

By David MacDonald

PHOTOS BY KOSTI RUOHOMAA

Bloody strikes and stark depression failed to conquer the proud miners of Glace Bay, N.S., but now they're facing new trials because of cheaper coal from the U.S. and the onslaught of oil, gas and hydro power

Gruff Glace Bay miners often insist "No son of mine will work in the pits"

Freeman Jenkins climbed from the mines to become president of District 26 of the UMW in 1942. He led long hard strike in 1947.

Hockey is a disease in Glace Bay where some players get two hundred dollars a week. Receipts don't meet expenses so pools and lotteries make up the deficits

Cy MacDonald (left), the town's best booster, on Senator's Corner, the Glace Bay hub which used to feature Saturday night fights

Unpaved Row Street has been home for fifty years for Mrs. Angus McPherson

LIFE IN Glace Bay, an inelegant old town that sprawls across the southeastern edge of Cape Breton Island, revolves around the strident screec of a colliery whistle. The whistle may signal the beginning of a day o the end of a shift. It may also signal disaster in the mines and brin the women and the children flocking to the black hole of the pithead to stan silently waiting. It is a hard, tough life and the way the world is turning 1954 it may be a life that is coming to an end for many of the miners.

For today, after triumphing over a hundred years of blood and tears an strikes and depression, Glace Bay is facing new trials. It's up against stiff competition from United States coal and has three new enemies: oil, gas an hydro-electric power. Close to five thousand of the town's working force seven thousand men earn their living in the mines. From the Dominion Co Company, one arm of the gigantic Dominion Steel and Coal Corporatio (Dosco) which owns all of Glace Bay's mines and most of Cape Breton' they draw a quarter of a million dollars weekly. But Dosco is rapidly mechaniz ing the mines to reduce production costs in an effort to retain its markets. With fewer men getting out more coal the number of jobs is shrinking.

Mechanization, even the miners' own union admits, is needed to save th industry. Dosco has developed a twenty-ton machine built like a low-slu tank which can literally chew coal from the seam without the use of explosive and automatically move it to conveyors for the trip to the surface. In on minute one machine can rip out eight tons of coal, but each machine displace hundreds of miners.

This is the problem faced today in one of the most historically colorful an physically colorless towns in Canada. Here is a place right out of Wales, reek ing of choking coal dust and insecurity, and yet inspired by the fellowship o people who have come through adversity together, whose pride is traceable t the fact that their mere existence has been desperately hard won.

Coal is written all over the face of Glace Bay. From head to toe it blacken five thousand workers five days a week and it does the same thing to the tow seven days a week. Coal dust chokes its air, stains its buildings and smudge its Monday wash. Every ton of coal that leaves Glace Bay, something ove two and a half million tons a year, leaves its mark on the town in one way or another.

But coal is a two-faced ruler that plays queer tricks on the men who live by it. Coal pays the miners anywhere from nine to thirty dollars a day (the average is fifty-six dollars a week), buys their homes and sometimes maims them or kills them. It builds their schools and hospitals and then, perversely, it sends their sons away to college so they may escape its grasp. "I wouldn't quit the pit for anything," a miner will tell you, "but if I can help it, my boy will never work there."

A Glace Bay miner's day begins at 5 a.m. He gets up, has his breakfast, then walks or rides to the mine entrance, changes into his working clothes and enters the mine before people in other towns are up. Mine trains take him to the coal face, a long ride. In some cases his work is ninety minutes away. In some places where the coal seam isn't very thick he has to work on his belly, slithering along in the dark to get at his work. He works in a hunched over position all day. He eats his lunch at the coal face. Miners willingly share their food. "Anything in your can, bye?" is a traditional question.

The miner finishes work about 3 p.m., then begins the long ride back to daylight. He goes to the washhouse, strips down, gets rid of most of the black, and he goes home to wash again.

The most singular fact about Glace Bay, perhaps, is that the mines run far out under the Atlantic. When the French owned Cape Breton early in the eighteenth century they dug coal to heat their mighty stone fortress at nearby Louisbourg. Coal then was relatively easy to get at, for the black seams cropped up close to the surface. But each foot of coal that was taken out pushed the coal face that much farther back. The seams retreated down and out under the sea. Succeeding generations of miners have followed them until, today, with four mines branching seaward from the town and several more hard by, Glace Bay is the centre of the largest undersea mining operation in the world.

The biggest mine, Dominion No. 1B, is a mess of crazily slanting streets that stretches five miles under the ocean. It covers ten square miles and is getting bigger. The men who inhabit it are ghostly figures with Cyclops-eye lanterns on their heads. Its noises are the roar of mining machinery, the clatter of underground trains and the clop-clop of sturdy work horses that see daylight only two weeks of the year.

"It doesn't matter what you do here," says Leo McIntyre, a young Glace Bay lawyer, "it doesn't matter whether you're a doctor with a big practice or a shoeshine boy with holes in your pants, you live by coal. In The Bay, coal is king."

Continued on page 58

Miners' clothes hang on ropes in dressing rooms. Men travel underground for ninety minutes, going four miles out under the Atlantic to get to work

Coal dust is everywhere in work that is dangerous, dirty and difficult. The dust coats the town and clings stubbornly to Monday morning wash lines

EDMONTON'S LOG CABIN RITZ

Picture window of the unconventional Airlines Hotel faces one of the world's busiest airfields

Mercurial Bob Kashower hated hotels so much that when he turned an old air-force hut into the Airlines Hotel he insisted the guest was to be king. The only snag has been that occasionally a guest takes him literally

Pipeline engineer John Hallet, who spends winters as a bellboy, brings free coffee to a guest

By EARLE BEATTIE

WHEN BOB KASHOWER, a dark, tens wiry man of forty-five, was piloting plane in various parts of the globe and living ou of suitcases, he developed a hatred fo hotels and hotelkeepers. First as a Ferry Comman pilot taking planes from Montreal to Britain, the as a cargo pilot flying over the Himalayas fo Chiang Kai-shek's armies and next as an Oshaw aircraft owner, he had to check in and out of hotel from Toronto to Chungking.

The trigger-tempered Kashower came to hat those two-bit millionaires, lord gods of the desk, as he called them, who turned down his imprompt requests for a room when he dropped out of the s for a night's rest. The placid rejections brough from Kashower a jetlike stream of oaths sung o in shrill invective in many a hotel lobby, while h deceptively mild brown eyes shot fire and h wrinkled reddish face grew redder.

When he did manage to book a room, Kashowe was angered by other things that hotelmen did r did not do. He would often get to his room, fin that he had no matches and have to tramp back t the lobby; he would go to the dining room, find h didn't like the menu, and feel trapped; he woul order ice for his drinks, pay a high price for it an have to tip the bellhop who brought it; he woul turn on the radio at 10 p.m. and find it snapped o by a master switch at 11 p.m.; he would go to be and find the room too stuffy or so cold he had t pile on blankets and dared not open the window he would get up wishing he could have a cup o coffee immediately and rush down to the dinin room to find he had to wait too long for it to arriv

Booming postwar Edmonton, with far mor guests than hotel rooms, irritated Kashower particularly. He saw a double opportunity: why no cash in by opening a hotel of his own beside Edmonton's bustling airport and, at the same time, wor off all his peeves against conventional hotels b showing them how it should be done? He sold h other interests and, starting in February 1949, plunged thirty thousand dollars into converting an RCAF barracks block into the Airlines Hotel.

Five years later, travelers arriving at the Edmonton airport find themselves beckoned by a red neon propeller to Kashower's thirty-five-room hotel, now worth a quarter of a million dollars. Besides its handy location, a runway's length from where their plane sets them down, they find it chock full of surprises sprung from Kashower's old vexations.

The first surprise is the look of the place. The converted H hut is now a one-story building covered with log siding, with two jut-out wings two stories high. It has a large picture window leading off from the lobby, and small red-shuttered windows along the front. It's a thirty-five-room chalet with an earth-and-sky panorama of wings, propellers, jet trails, probing searchlights, hangars and colored markers: DC-3s and Convair liners coming in from the Yukon, Alaska and Vancouver; Bristol freighters from Yellowknife; North Stars from across the continent; whining jets of the RCAF on northern missions; Beavers and Norsemen from the bush camps.

Crossing a gray-carpeted lobby, the guest finds the desk clerk flanked by a huge wall map of the Canadian northwest and by lighted photographs of aircraft. The bellhop will take him down a narrow corridor finished with plywood on the lower half and basket-weave wallpaper above. The floor has several carpets, piled one on top of the other. The room is small with twin beds, a bureau writing desk, radio and a tiny bathroom that is really an outhouse attached, limpet-style, to the outside wall.

The guest will probably stare in surprise at his own name in gold letters on five crimson match folders. The clerk has taken it from his reservation telegram and put it through a gold-stamping machine. If the guest came without a reservation, the matches will arrive in about half an hour.

Was Home Ever Like This?

In the afternoon two pieces of printed matter will come sliding under his door: the Edmonton Journal and the hotel menu. The newspaper is free. The menu is sent in so that the guest can't be trapped in the dining room, as Kashower used to be, by a menu he sees there for the first time; he can decide beforehand if he'd rather eat out.

Come evening the guest may put in a call for ice cubes to refrigerate his drinks. They'll arrive along with a heaping bowl of freshly roasted popcorn, both without charge. If he wants a little music he'll find a radio installed like a reading lamp over the bed and he can play it all night if he wishes.

Settling down in his double-mattress bed, the wayfarer can leave the window open and turn on an electric blanket that will give him up to nine degrees of extra heat. These Kashower gadgets have been more baffling than accommodating to some guests. Harried desk clerks are called often by people who say they can't get music from the radio, only to find they've been fidgeting with the control dial of the electric blanket. Since planes don't fly over the hotel and the landings and take-offs are far enough away to be indistinct, the guest can sleep peacefully.

The next surprise is a *tour de force*. Minutes after the morning phone rings and a voice says, "Good morning, sir, it is eight o'clock," there is a knock on the door and the bellhop enters to quickly put before the half-roused guest one glass of tomato juice, one cup of hot coffee, one hot bun and one morning newspaper.

The treat is on the house. Even if the guest collects his senses in time to offer a tip for the unexpected service, he won't be able to complete it, as Kashower has laid down a "no tipping" rule for the morning coffee. He believes a cash transaction at that moment would ruin the gesture's beauty.

The final touch comes when the guest arrives in the dining room for breakfast. He has barely edged himself into the chair when a cup of coffee is presented wordlessly by a comely waitress in a black sheen dress and white apron. "I used to get tired of waiting for that first cup of coffee to hit the table," Kashower explains.

Continued on next page

Bob Kashower (on phone) flew all over the world as a commercial pilot before turning hotelman

Switching easily to chef the unpredictable Kashower prepares a specialty of the Airlines, spareribs

Maclean's Movies

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

In Trouble in Store Norman Wisdom seeks missing ice cream.

CALAMITY JANE: Doris Day and Howard Keel in a Wild West musical comedy that is only phonily western, hardly ever comical, and only mildly musical.

A DAY TO REMEMBER: A charming mademoiselle named Odile Versois does more than her share in brightening up this harmless but hackneyed British comedy. It's about some English dart players who enjoy a one-day outing in zee naughty France.

KISS ME KATE: Cole Porter's Broadway musical (via Shakespeare) has been toned down for the screen, but the songs are as wonderful as ever.

SO BIG: Jane Wyman's intelligent acting helps somewhat in galvanizing Hollywood's third filming of Edna Ferber's mother-love saga. She's a valiant farmwife who wants her boy to be an architect.

TROUBLE IN STORE: The corn is piled high in this British department-store romp, but it offers the promising debut of Norman Wisdom, a sad little clown who is sometimes a very funny gent.

THE WILD ONE: A violent, frightening and quite distasteful melodrama about a gang of hoodlum cyclists (led by Marlon Brando) who terrorize a sleepy town. Some of the acting is excellent.

Gilmour Rates

The Actress: Comedy. Excellent.
The All-American: Campus drama. Fair.
All I Desire: Drama. Fair.
All the Brothers were Valiant: Drama ashore and afloat. Fair.
Back to God's Country: Outdoor melodrama. Poor.
The Band Wagon: Musical. Excellent.
The Beggar's Opera: Musical. Good.
Blowing Wild: Oil drama. Poor.
Blueprint For Murder: Mystery. Good.
Botany Bay: Sea drama. Fair.
Both Sides of the Law: British drama of women police. Fair.
Breakdown: Boxing drama. Fair.
Breaking the Sound Barrier: Jet-pilot aviation thriller. Excellent.
Call Me Madam: Musical. Tops.
Captain's Paradise: Comedy. Excellent.
Conquest of Everest: Actuality drama of mountain climbers. Excellent.
The Cruel Sea: Navy drama. Excellent.
Dangerous Crossing: Mystery. Fair.
Devil's Canyon: 3-D western. Fair.
East of Sumatra: Adventure. Fair.
Escape From Fort Bravo: Cavalry vs. Indians western. Good.
Folly to be Wise: Comedy. Fair.
From Here to Eternity: Army camp drama. Excellent.
Genevieve: British comedy. Good.
Grand Concert: Russian musical. Good.
Great Sioux Uprising: Western. Poor.
Half A Hero: Domestic comedy. Good.
Here Come the Girls: Comedy. Fair.
How to Marry a Millionaire: Romantic comedy in CinemaScope. Good.
Inferno: 3-D desert drama. Fair.
Innocents in Paris: Comedy. Good.
Island in the Sky: Drama. Good.
I, the Jury: Whodunit. Poor.
It Should Happen To You: Satirical comedy. Excellent.
Jack Slade: Western. Poor.
The Juggler: Drama. Excellent.
Julius Caesar: Shakespeare. Excellent.
Kiss Me Kate: Musical. Good.
The Last Posse: Western. Good.
Latin Lovers: Romantic comedy. Fair.
Lili: Musical fantasy. Excellent.
A Lion Is in the Streets: Drama. Fair.
Little Boy Lost: Drama. Good.
Main Street to Broadway: Show business comedy-drama. Poor.
Malta Story: Air-war drama. Good.
Man from the Alamo: Western. Fair.
Martin Luther: Drama. Good.
The Maze: Horror in 3-D. Fair.
Mogambo: Jungle comedy. Excellent.
Money From Home: Martin & Lewis comedy. Poor.
The Moon Is Blue: Comedy. Good.
The Moonlighter: Western. Poor.
O.K. Nero: Italian farce. Poor.
Remains to be Seen: Comedy. Fair.
Return to Paradise: South Sea comedy-drama. Good.
Ride Vaquero: Western. Poor.
The Robe: CinemaScope epic. Good.
Roman Holiday: Comedy. Excellent.
The Sea Around Us: Actuality. Fair.
Shane: Western. Excellent.
Story of Gilbert and Sullivan: Musical biography. Good.
The Sun Shines Bright: Drama. Poor.
Sword and the Rose: Drama. Fair.
Those Redheads from Seattle: Yukon drama plus music. Fair.
Thunder Bay: Oil drama. Fair.
Torch Song: Musical drama. Good.
The Vanquished: Drama. Poor.
Vice Squad: Police drama. Good.
Vicki: Murder melodrama. Fair.
Walking My Baby Back Home: Comedy and music. Poor.
Wings of the Hawk: Western. Fair.
Young Bess: Historical drama. Good.

recalling his days as an irritated guest.

The Airline's dining room, specializing in spareribs barbecued on charcoal burners, is one of the best eating places in Edmonton. Guests and Edmontonians who drive out nearly ten miles from town to eat there don't realize that it is built on the location of the H-hut, where the barrack washroom and latrines once were. Kashower personally supervises his four cooks, and chooses all the meat himself.

Difficult orders he puts through his food broker. "I drive him crazy," he says with a gnomish grin, "but I see that our fussy people get what they want." He has ordered rainbow trout by air from Denmark and Japan and occasional orders go out for frog legs from Cuba, shrimps from Louisiana and lobsters from St. Andrews, N.B.

Every so often Kashower flies somebody's dinner out. One summer he received a wire from Irene Haskins, a Calgary petroleum engineer who was on holidays in Casablanca, Morocco. She wanted some spareribs. Kashower rushed into the kitchen, yelled "One spareribs . . . to go!" and put them on the next plane out. They were packed in dry ice, re-iced in New York and went from there to Lisbon via Air France, thence to Casablanca, a thirty-hour trip. Kashower charged the regular price, $2.10, and paid the air freight himself — twenty-three dollars. He found out later they could have gone by a different route for only ten dollars.

Even though Kashower's added touches come free, the guest pays a relatively high rate for his stay at the Airlines Hotel. A single room costs from five dollars to seven fifty while a double rents from eight-fifty to ten dollars. This is not much below Edmonton's big luxury hotel, the Macdonald, where single rooms range from seven to eleven dollars and doubles from ten to fifteen dollars. The downtown King Edward Hotel, one of Edmonton's better hotels, charges five dollars and fifty cents for a single room.

The pleasant surprises that greet Kashower's guests are offset sometimes by the unpredictable temperament of the host. For Kashower, who used to get hopping mad at hotelkeepers, now turns his wrath at times to his own guests. When he built the Airlines he determined stoutly that the guest was to be king; however, he feels that sometimes they take him too literally.

Not long ago a big Texan strode into the lobby of the hotel. Spotting the middle-sized Kashower, he called, "Here boy, take my bags."

Every inch of Kashower's five feet nine inches bristled. "Take your bags out of this hotel and don't come back," he barked.

Last August 13 several guests were awakened at 3 a.m. by a strident argument taking place in one of the front rooms. It was Kashower giving the heave-ho to an oil-company executive to help make room for the Toronto Argonauts who were to play an exhibition game in Edmonton the next day. Other guests asked to double up for the arrival of the Argos were co-operating. Kashower found accommodation for the entire team plus Toronto's Mayor Lamport after a frantic day's arrangements. But the oilman who had occupied the room for several weeks angrily checked out. "Mr. Kashower loves football," a hotel clerk explained.

Another guest got a similar treatment one day when he parked his car in front of the hotel entrance and left it there. Kashower ordered a tow truck to pull it away and park it behind a hangar. The excited guest wondered around looking for it, then called in the police. They unperturbably found it.

Kashower's relations with staff members also run hot and cold. Once he fired the entire waitress staff when he returned early from a business trip and found several of them having a party in one of the rooms with guests. Two days later they were all back at work.

He can be extremely generous with the employees too. Not long ago he threw a birthday party for one of the waitresses and showered all staff members who attended with expensive gifts. Another time, when a waitress asked for time off because her father was sick, he not only gave her the time but sent a doctor at his own expense to treat him. The doctor returned to report that the girl's father was in complete health and had been so for years. Kashower laughed it off.

Kashower's mercurial treatment of staff members has brought on more than one dogfight around the hotel desk and sometimes waitresses come and go like the guests. But others such as deskman Peg Keith who once quit and came back, vigorously defend Kashower as a likable, if at times erratic, boss. Keith tells how Kashower came by once when he was working on the overnight shift, asked him if he was hungry and then went into the kitchen to personally cook up some spareribs for him.

He's A Civic Issue

To Edmonton citizens Kashower and his hotel have almost reached the stage of folklore because of the anecdotes told about him. Many speak of him with warm affection; others snarl when they hear his name. A Yellow Cab driver told the writer that none of his firm's drivers would pick up the eccentric hotel owner. "Kashower used to get in the cab," he said, "and when you'd ask him where to, he'd say, 'Just keep driving and I'll keep telling you where to turn.'" Losing patience with this back-seat supervision, one cabby put Kashower out of the car.

Kashower would be a civic issue whether he wanted it that way or not. His hotel is located at the airport, which is civic property, and he must apply to the city council for renewals of his lease. He now has a ten-year lease with no option for two renewals.

Besides running hot and cold with human beings Bob Kashower has been contradictory in his treatment of cats. At one time he was crazy about cats. He allowed litters of kittens to climb in and out of his Cadillac at will and used to drive home at noontime to feed them. But they multiplied so rapidly his hotel lobby and kitchen became overrun and he ordered them cleared off the premises. Now he hates the sight of cats.

His most likable characteristic is his eager love of children. About the time he started the hotel, he and his wife adopted a six-day-old girl, Roberta, whom Kashower calls Coffee Joe. He lavishes attention on her and has planned twenty years ahead for her welfare. Children of guests frequently romp up and down the halls and Kashower often romps with them. One couple from Grande Prairie, Alta., got rather worried recently wondering if they would ever get their youngster back from him. He had plied her with lollipops and bananas all day and was still going strong at 9 p.m.

Last summer he set up a playground with slides, seesaws and swings in the hotel grounds for children of guests. "Where can people leave their kids in other hotels?" he asks. "They've got to run up and down the halls and out in front there's nothing but traffic." His kids play on the field of the world's largest freight airport but at a safe

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distance from the aerial traffic.

Kashower's somewhat baffling actions and the Topsylike growth of the Airlines Hotel can probably be explained by his restless career. Born in Los Angeles, he talked his way into the U. S. Marine Corps at sixteen by saying he was nineteen and was sent to China. He was assigned to work with the Chinese government mapping the country and after a spell of this he went back to the U. S. and worked for a private aircraft company. When it went broke during the depression he took refuge in a law school. He says he might have been a practicing lawyer today "but just as I graduated a little Porterfield plane caught my eye and I started selling aircraft."

Early in World War II Kashower hankered for some kind of action and started ferrying warplanes to Britain and sometimes Australia for a thousand dollars a month. After Pearl Harbor the U. S. State Department sent him to China to fly supplies "over the hump" from India. Now he was working for Chiang Kai-shek and getting *two* thousand dollars a month.

In 1945 he returned to the States to work for the Fairchild Aerial Survey in Los Angeles. It was this company's need of a Lockheed in the geology work in Ecuador that led to his marrying a Regina girl, Margaret McLaren. He picked up the Lockheed in Edmonton and was returning via Montreal when a sweet-voiced weather observer at Regina told him to come down out of an approaching storm. Kashower talked back. He had bucked Atlantic gales and Pacific fogs and flown over the world's highest mountains and this bit of bad weather in Saskatchewan was not going to bring him down.

He Landed With A Thud

Miss McLaren told him to come down.

"She kept me down for two days," Kashower says. "So I married her."

His friends say it was the first time in his life the high-flying Kashower had been brought down to earth and possibly the last time he was to talk back to that good-looking weather observer.

That same year Kashower bought an interest in Associated Airways, an Edmonton firm doing contract flying, and also started a business of his own, the Kashower Air Services in Oshawa. During the next three years his firm converted eight hundred air transports to passenger planes.

Plane commuting between Toronto and Edmonton he lived in a dozen different hotels until an obsession to become "the man behind the desk" took hold of him. So in 1949 he sold out his aircraft interests, put flying behind him once and for all and started a hotel. His only concession to thirty years of flight was that he called it the Airlines.

Kashower built his hotel in the same hop, skip and jump method he had moved around the world. "I stepped it off myself," he says, "wrote the plan on the back of an envelope and had it built in sixty days."

As the H-hut that was to be his bush building had no basement, furnaces had to be installed in the hallways partly sunk in the ground. A Toronto businessman friend of Kashower's tells how he dropped in to the Airlines Hotel at this stage to find Kashower up to his neck in a hole he was digging alongside the desk. It was for a furnace. Kashower told him, and he was digging it himself because "the cost of labor was too damn high." Unfortunately the hole filled with water and turned into a well threatening to flood the hotel. Kashower called in an oil derrick crew to drill a hole on an angle from the yard outside to the hole, which provided a permanent drain.

By April 17, 1949, he had rented the first rooms to TCA pilots Ted Stull and Bill English. There were then just a few rooms and eight baths, but the ex-barrack block soon attracted a steady airborne clientele and many who came the ten miles from Edmonton's downtown railway stations. Kashower began to expand.

He built his dining room on the crossbar of the H hut and then added more rooms by building across the ends of the H. That turned the old hut into a rambling oblong structure with new ceilings and new walls inside and half logs on the outside, but it left him with nowhere else to go. So he went out and up. He built two jut-out wings at a cost of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, both two-story jobs.

The north wing, built in ten days, has two suites on the first floor and a sun deck on the second. He later turned the sun deck into a dining-recreation room for Edmonton clubs by building a roof over it.

The other wing became a frame-and-siding home for the Petroleum Club of Edmonton, replete with main dining room, bar, mezzanine floor for dining and drinking and a basement games room. Its six hundred members, all connected with the oil industry, use it as a social club for dining, drinking and recreation.

For a while Kashower kept the interior courtyards beautifully cultivated. Then his mood changed and they have become, in the words of one employee, "a weedy quack-grass dandelion sow-thistle wilderness."

Kashower's method of equipping and furnishing his growing hotel was also erratic and original. His bedspreads came from Georgia, and his rugs, ordered from Edmonton, were frequently changed because he didn't like the patterns. For the ranchlike Petroleum Club quarters he got Roman brick from Medicine Hat, wagon-wheel light fixtures and *habitant* furniture from Ste. Therese, Que., knotty pine from Oregon and a parquet floor from Louisville, Ky. A huge blown-up photograph of a mountain peak, which some guests point out in praise as a majestic peak of the nearby Canadian Rockies, is Mt. Lassen, California. Kashower got it in Chicago.

Now, for all its hodge-podge career, the H-hut that Bob Kashower built on a solid foundation of [illegible] is making money fast enough for him to talk of tacking on somewhere another twenty rooms and of building a similar haven for travelers in Alberta's latest oil-boom centre, the Pembina Valley.

Meanwhile he's dreaming up new gimmicks to surprise his guests and some say the volatile ex-pilot has mellowed so much recently he may even surprise *himself* by not tossing any of them out this year. ★

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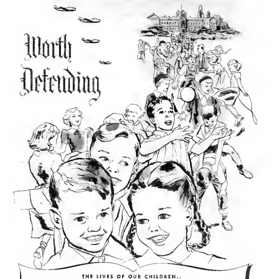

THE LIVES OF OUR CHILDREN..

your children — our children — children of the nations of like minds to ourselves — happy, carefree children who look to us for their tomorrow.

What will that tomorrow be? What will they be tomorrow? Happy young people — happy useful citizens in a steady useful world — or the pitiful pawns of war, corruption and tyranny?

Their hopes can only be realized through our preparedness, the will and might to deter any who would harm our children, the determination that the freedom and peace our children deserve are *worth defending!*

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Use Jergens Lotion – avoid detergent hands

The White and the Gold

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

settled. Everything depended on him, the steadiness of his hand, the sureness of his aim.

His arquebuse had been loaded with four bullets. Taking aim at the three chiefs who stood together like a group carved by some Greek master, he discharged the contents of the carbine. His eye had not failed him. The spray of bullets stretched all three chiefs on the ground, two of them killed instantly.

The explosion jarred the senses of the Iroquois but at the same time it had the effect of releasing them from the spell. They reached for their bows and sent a downpour of arrows into the Huron ranks.

At this critical moment one of Champlain's men showed himself on the flank and fired point-blank at the aroused Iroquois. This was more than they could stand. Another god, another roar like thunder in the clouds! They turned and fled with a consternation which never before had been felt in an Iroquois heart. The Ongue Honwe had been surpassed at last.

The allies now came to life. With hatchet and scalping knife they sprang in pursuit. A dozen or more Iroquois were captured. That night the excited and madly exultant warriors picked out one of the prisoners for torture. He was a young brave and owed his selection for this grim honor to the hope of the victors that he lacked resolution for the ordeal. They lashed him to a stake set up in a glade of the forest and told him to sing his death song. The unfortunate youth gave out a dismal and quavering chant. The dancing, jeering savages did not allow him to finish but dashed forward and set the wood around the stake to blazing. While the flames licked at the cringing copper flesh they indulged in other cruelties, tearing out his finger nails, pressing red-hot stones to his writhing limbs, ripping deep strips of flesh from his hide after breaking his bones and exposing the tendons.

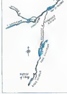
Champlain stood this as long as he could and then demanded that the torture be stopped. His allies refused to listen at first. It was not until they saw that his friendship might be withdrawn from them that they reluctantly agreed to let him administer the *coup de grâce*. Standing some distance back the white leader sent a bullet unerringly into the heart of the tortured youth. The eyes closed and the shaved head fell forward in welcome death.

A noted historian has pointed out in dealing with this incident that there was inconsistency in the revulsion which all white men felt on witnessing the ordeal of prisoners at the stake. In less than a year after this the King of France would die under the dagger of the assassin Ravaillac, and his murderer would be put to death publicly with as much brutality as any Indian ever suffered at the hands of his captors.

CHAMPLAIN had joined the northern Indians in this foray into Iroquois territory and had enabled them to score an easy victory as a matter of carefully considered policy. He realized that his efforts at colonization could succeed only if the fur trade proved sufficiently profitable. It was the Montagnais who brought the fruits of their trapping to Tadoussac at the junction of the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay Rivers and it was the Algonquins who made up the long flotillas which came down the Ottawa River to trade at Hochelaga where Montreal now stands. His support must be given to these natural and convenient allies in their never-ending feud with the Iroquois, and the support must be more than passive. He must fight beside them.

In pursuance of this bold policy Champlain took part a year later in a second attack on the Iroquois. They found the enemy, one hundred strong, in a barricade of logs three or four miles up the Richelieu. This time the northern allies far outnumbered the warriors of the Long House. The terror inspired by the firearms of the white men paralyzed any attempt at defense and the screeching allies broke through the barrier, killing all but fifteen Iroquois who survived the fighting and were carried off to be burned at the stake.

No other policy seems to have been open to Champlain. Propinquity made the northern tribes his natural allies and he needed their immediate friendship. But the policy was to have bloody repercussions later. The Iroquois never forgot nor forgave. For more than a century the smoldering wrath of the Iroquois braves would vent itself in furious raids on the settlements of New France. They ranged themselves with the British in the wars between the two white races and struck blow after blow at Montreal and Quebec. Even after the Hurons had been exterminated and the Montagnais had ceased to count, the feud went on. The war parties which stole up the broad avenue of the Richelieu and the blazing fires of Lachine were the result of the course which Champlain initiated in the difficult first years of colonization.



Champlain's first battlefield

Champlain sailed back to France in 1611 to work on a plan which would place his colony under the wing of someone close to the throne in order to command further help and patronage. He fastened his choice on the Prince de Condé, possessor of one of the proudest names in France. In the spring of 1614, after long negotiations, the merchants of the great ports were brought into one organization under this distinguished if sterile patronage. Condé was to be viceroy with Champlain acting as his lieutenant in Canada. Condé was to receive a thousand crowns a year and the associated members were to send out six families as settlers each season. The monopoly was to extend for eleven years from the signing of the charter.

Champlain, who had been running back and forth between the two con-

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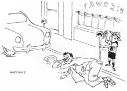
tinents while the negotiations simmered returned to Canada now in a jubilant mood. The success of the venture seemed assured at last. The little settlement clinging so tenaciously to the foot of the great rock at Quebec would prosper. Other posts would be started at strategic points. Champlain himself would be able to pursue his explorations and his work with the Indians. And finally the objective which had always been prominent in his mind would at last be realized. The cassock and breviary of the missionary would be seen along the great rivers and lakes and in the palisaded villages of the savage tribes.

Between visits to France to smooth the roiled financial waters Champlain continued his explorations. It is impossible to tell in detail of the many journeys he made in the long canoes so proudly paddled by his Indian friends and guides, the fleur-de-lis always fluttering at the prow, or to tell of the many far parts of this fair land on which he set foot. The most important of his explorations was a long thrust northward in the summer of 1615 which was prolonged into the next year. He undertook it to fulfill a promise made earlier to the heads of the Huron nation. He ascended the Ottawa River, transferred to the Mattawa and found himself finally at Lake Nipissing. Turning southward he went into Huron country and found himself gazing on a body of water of sufficient size and grandeur to make him doubt the accuracy of his senses.

His conviction was that he had reached the great lake of which he had heard so much and which later would be called Huron. Because of this he named the water stretching far out beyond the horizon the Mer Douce, the Fresh-water Sea.

The home of the Hurons encompassed that corner of Ontario which extends northward from Lake Simcoe and takes in all the beautifully wooded and lake-bespangled land around the great arm of Georgian Bay and which lapped over on the east into the present-day playground of summer recreation known as Muskoka and in the other direction into the northern area of fertile western Ontario. It was small indeed to hold a nation of such relative greatness. The Hurons, who numbered about twenty thousand, had provided themselves with more than thirty villages in this irregular triangle of peaceful country. The location provided them with one great advantage: they were widely separated from their enemies of long standing, the ambitious and predatory Iroquois. Between the Huron country and the Finger Lakes was western Ontario which belonged to the Tobacco Nation and the the eastern arm of New York where the Cat People lived.

Progressing northward through the Huron country, which abounded in streams and lakes and waterfalls, Champlain visited a number of the largest villages, coming at last to the most important of them called Cahiagué, which had two hundred lodges and triple palisades thirty feet high. He found that pandemonium had taken possession of the place. The war kettle had been brought out and was simmering like a cauldron of wizardry in the centre court. Huron braves from all quarters had been coming in for days, their skulls shaven clean, none wearing more than a breechclout and some imitating the Tobacco Nation who went stark naked. They also had another trait which set them apart: they tortured women prisoners. The crowded lodges of Cahiagué were now packed as full as caterpillar tents. The warriors were feasting and dancing and singing war songs. The squaws were screaming, the children were joining in and the innumerable dogs, unlike the barkless canines of Hochelaga, were adding to the din.



The Hurons were taking the warpath on a greater scale than ever before. The plan was to move secretly and swiftly against the main village of the Onondagas, the senior of the Five Nations, and wipe them out. Now that Champlain, giver of victory, had come with many men, all of them carrying the deadly weapon which killed at a distance, they knew that victory was assured.

The great war party traveled down the lakes in what is now the Kawartha section and entered Lake Ontario by way of the Trent River. They struck across that great body of water and the white men were told of the tremendous falling waters at the end of the lake and of the huge seas which lay still farther to the west.

The attack was a failure, owing mainly to the overconfidence and self-interested conduct of the Hurons. First they gave their presence away by attacking a party of Iroquois harvesting their fall crops in fields. As a result the attack was delivered against roused and thoroughly prepared defenders. The village was surrounded by four rows of wooden palisades supporting a gallery which swarmed with jeering Iroquois. Champlain realized the attack would have to be launched with great care. He drew his dusky allies back into the shelter of the trees and set them to work first at making what was called in France a *cavalier*, a tower high enough to permit his musketeers to fire down over the heads of the defenders, as well as a number of *mantelets*, movable wooden shields behind which the attacking party could advance against the walls.

All would have gone well if once again rashness had not taken possession of the Hurons, who abandoned the shields and dashed to attack in the open. Arrows fell among them like hail and their losses were heavy. The French marksmen in the *cavalier* took sturdy toll of the defenders on the gallery but [illegible] no longer held any element of surprise. Wild efforts of the Hurons to set fire to the outer palisade failed and they slunk back to the cover of the trees, having lost all stomach for the devastating archery of the Iroquois. After three hours the attacking party decided they were beaten and Champlain, who had been wounded in the leg by an arrow, could not rouse them to further efforts.

In the retreat which followed the French leader was carried in a basket on the back of a powerful brave. He suffered intense pain, his unhappiness increased by speculation as to what effect the disaster would have on his unstable allies. Sullen in defeat, the Hurons made it clear that they had lost faith in their white allies. The matter of discontent held no trace of self-blame.

It had been arranged that canoes would be provided to take the French to Montreal Island immediately after the expected victory. Now none would volunteer for the task. Champlain saw that, whether he liked it or not, he and his men faced the necessity of spending the winter in Huron country.

It is probable that the long cold months were lived through at Cahiagué where the counter blow, if it came at all, was most likely to fall. The village consisted of two hundred lodges, community houses, some of which were as long as two hundred feet. They were made of roughhewn boards bent inward to form an arch. Inside they were regions of bedlam with long platforms a few feet above the ground on each side and with a narrow open space between. These platforms were divided into spaces for the various families and here they lived and ate and slept and performed all the natural functions with a lack of privacy which was equalled only when the animals were taken into the ark.

Down the centre of these malodorous caverns there was a series of family fires belching forth sparks and smoke which stubbornly refused to leave by the open space between the roofs of the planks above and thus established a murkiness of atmosphere through which the brown skulls and fierce features of the inmates loomed dimly like denizens of the nether regions. In the dark and dingy upper reaches unshelled corn hung down on long lines looped from section to section, with the family clothing, the skins cured and uncured, the dried fish, the weapons and the rather pitiful prized possessions of the primitive people.

Champlain's first consideration, of course, was to improve the defenses, making sure that guards were always mounted on the galleries and that supplies were kept of stones and water to be used in case of attack. He realized he had espoused the weaker side in this age-long feud. Nothing the Hurons could do would ever put them on an equality with the Iroquois in the making of war. Some authorities have advanced the opinion that the Iroquois brave, for courage and craft and power of endurance, has never had an equal, placing him even above the mounted bowmen of Genghis Khan.

The Iroquois reprisals did not materialize and the winter was spent in

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Be sure it's HAWAIIAN— Be sure it's **DOLE**

Your taste tells you there's no pineapple like Hawaiian pineapple—no Hawaiian pineapple like DOLE! Sun-ripe flavor and fragrance remind you each time you serve it that DOLE Pineapple grows mellow and rich under Hawaiian skies.

Here's a salad* that's welcome at springtime—tangy DOLE Pineapple Slices on crisp lettuce, with a rosy aspic heart and ripe olives! Try it soon!

*By Patricia Collier, DOLE Home Economist

Be sure to enjoy DOLE frozen-fresh Pineapple Chunks and Concentrated Pineapple Juice, too—at your grocer's now.

deadly monotony. The food, always flat because the Indian did not understand the use of salt or any form of seasoning, became so bad that the civilized stomachs of the unwilling guests were revolted by the dreadful messes prepared by the toothless and quarrelsome squaws. There was always a shortage of the dog flesh which was a staple article and very rarely did the hunters bring in venison or bear meat. Usually a meal consisted of heavy concoctions of dried corn or a combination of corn meal and smoked fish which had a peculiarly offensive odor.

Champlain had known before that in striking a balance between the virtues and faults of the red men their morals had to be placed on the debit side. The Huron men were lazy, they were natural thieves, they were treacherous and unpredictable. They were inefficient even in the few duties they took on themselves. The women, after a few years of unbridled license and passion, were hopeless drudges, busy all day at plodding tasks and becoming in time more cruel than the men. Jacques Cartier had reported a custom at Hochelaga of turning all girls at puberty into a community brothel where they remained until they chose a husband. The Huron custom was found to be based on trial marriage. A girl, after receiving a gift of wampum, would live with a man long enough to decide whether they suited each other. The more attractive of the dusky belles made as many as a dozen experiments before settling down, and gathered as a result a very handsome store of wampum and other gewgaws for the adornment of their plump brown bodies. This fickleness did not weigh against them. It was a recognized approach to matrimony and if they never again allowed their fancy to stray after settling down, they were as well regarded as the young squaws who had been less adventurous.

The most interesting possession in all Indian tribes was wampum, belts or strips of skin covered with designs in small shells of many colors. Wampum was like money in the sense that it served as a commodity of exchange but it was much more important than that. It was used as well as a means of recording historical events. In treaty making wampum was employed as a pledge and proof of the decisions arrived at, each side carrying away strips which illustrated what had been decided. Champlain may have seen with his own eyes the first stage in the making of wampum. A dead body, usually that of an antagonist who had been killed in battle or under torture, was slashed with long deep cuts on the belly and buttocks and other fleshy parts. The body was then lowered into deep water and left there for a considerable length of time. When brought to the surface, it would be found that small shell fish had buried themselves in the cuts. From the inner surface of these barnacles the handsomely tinted pieces of shell were cut which served in the designing of the wampum.

Even at this early stage of relationship between white man and red the taciturnity of the latter was fully recognized. On most occasions the Indian had no more to say than the customary "Ho!" of greeting but in the winter evenings it was a different matter. As they crowded around the fires and blinked with their smoke-filled eyes (most of them developed diseases of the eye early in life) their tongues unloosened. This was in fact the only safe time for the braves to indulge themselves in loquacity. The gods were imprisoned in winter in blocks of ice, whereas in summer they roamed the woods, heard everything that was said—and took offense easily.

The Hurons were prepared even to speak of their religious beliefs. They had a conviction of the immortality of the soul, as well as a belief in one great god above all others. The Hurons had a theory that the spirits of dead warriors took a long journey along the Milky Way, racing so fast that no enemy could overtake them, the winds blowing fiercely at their backs to help them on, until they came to the Happy Hunting Ground. The Hurons were certain that their favorite dogs had souls but they would not concede as much to their women. The Algonquins, a gross and licentious race, were sure that after death the souls of warriors lived in a heaven where they feasted and danced through all eternity.

Racial legends and beliefs were set down in symbols on flat pieces of wood and these were preserved and handed down from one generation to another. Among the stories thus preserved was a version of the beginning of things. A literal translation of the start of their saga of the making of the world ran as follows: "At first there were the great waters above all the land, and above the waters were thick clouds, and there was God the Creator."

HEARING TROUBLE

My disposition doesn't glow
When people phone to say hello.
Hello's a strange elastic word
That takes on hours being heard.

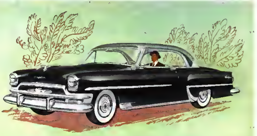
LEONARD K. SCHIFF

WHEN SPRING CAME and the Iroquois had not struck, the canoes and the necessary crews were produced for the return trip and early in April they set out. As they sped down the rushing waters of the Ottawa, Champlain's mind was busy. The defeat provided him with reason for serious reflection and it is possible that the spectre of future wars was constantly before him. A more pleasant thought may have occupied his mind at intervals. This long thrust he had made into the unknown wilds must have appeared to him as the first of countless other, and more profitable, ventures.

But all was not plain sailing in France. Condé, the viceroy, sold his post to Montmorency, the admiral of France, for eleven thousand crowns. The investors in the company, having no concern for anything but the profits, refused to assume the expense of sending out settlers as provided by the charter. Champlain complained so bitterly that he was subjected to continuous attacks.

But he was not the kind of man to accept rebuffs in silence. He laid all the facts before Montmorency. The admiral reached the conclusion that the time had come to cut away from the greedy shipowners. There was a reorganization and the former partners were given five-twelfths of the stock in a new syndicate, an arrangement grudgingly accepted because it left them in a minority position. Champlain had to exercise all his diplomatic skill to keep things on an even keel.

QUEBEC in 1620 was far removed from a realization of Champlain's bold visions. There were no more than fifty people in the settlement. The hastily constructed buildings were beginning to leak and show signs of collapse. Other houses had grown up around them, all just as unsubstantial and



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GO NAVY!
HMCS

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NEXT ISSUE BRINGS CHAPTER TWO OF THOMAS COSTAIN'S THRILLING BOOK

The White and the Gold

Back in the days of Canada's beginnings, a clever, cold young cardinal of France twisted Champlain's colony in the New World to his own ends

HOW RICHELIEU SPUN HIS WEB

IN MACLEAN'S APRIL 1 ON SALE MARCH 19

dreary. Along the waterfront were wharfage facilities and some rude storage sheds.

Between the bare summit towering overhead and the little settlement hugging the river banks there was nothing but a steep winding path. Some efforts had been made to clear the ground and the stumps of what had once been noble trees now cluttered that lofty expanse, waiting for the settlers who would haul them out and set oxen to plowing the ground.

Although vegetables and grain and some fruit were now being grown and the waters thereabouts yielded fish in considerable quantities, the people of Quebec often found themselves close to the edge of actual want. In other ways their life was far from diverting or useful. They diced and gamed and quarrelled and stern discipline had to be maintained over the unattached men. The women probably suffered the most. The men could hunt and fish but their wives sat in idleness within their own four walls. Even when the ships arrived in the spring there was nothing much in the cargoes to interest them; certainly none of the latest fashions from Paris and none of the newest fabrics. Even the issues of the Mercure Gallant, which had begun publication in 1611, were more than three months old when received.

The shut-in settlers were now denied the interest which the independent traders had supplied. In the earlier years when no monopoly had existed the adventurers from the seaports had flocked out in crowded ships, rival for a share in the riches of the new continent. They lived in the dilapidated cabins on Anticosti or in the ships anchored off Tadoussac. They even risked the passage of the St. Lawrence and swarmed about the Place Royale, as Champlain had named the trading post he had established at Hochelaga and which was becoming the most active of trading centres. It was here that the great fur flotillas of the Hurons and Algonquins brought their pelts for barter, sweeping down the swift Ottawa.

The independents had always been an obnoxious lot. They were greedy and dishonest and drunken and a continual nuisance to the authorities at Quebec where they paused on their river trips. They ogled the women and caroused in the supply sheds at the waterfront. Noisy and rambunctious, they were unrestrained in all their habits; a filthy, heavy-bearded crew with the instincts of pirates. They were, in fact, the most deadly birds of prey, utterly without scruple, ready to risk their own scalps for beaver skins, and quite prepared to do murder for gain. Later they would be responsible for the first steps in debauching the red men. It was from the free traders that the Indians had their first taste of alcohol and from these transients also the red warriors obtained guns and learned to use them.

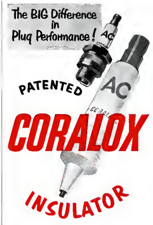
Champlain's head was filled with plans. He would have a stone citadel on the crest, a series of streets and squares broad and clean and airy, churches with lofty spires, a hospital. He even dreamed of houses climbing up the steep path, a waterfront of enduring stone, of orderly days and secure nights and church bells tolling the hours. But he would not live to see the realization of more than a fraction of his fond hopes.

There had been no time for romance in his career. Nevertheless he had been married in Paris in 1610 under circumstances which might have led to a highly romantic married life. Returning to France after his first victory over the Iroquois, when he was forty-three, he had contracted a matrimonial alliance with a daughter of the secretary of the King's chamber, one Nicholas Boullé. Hélène Boullé was only twelve years old, a charming and vivacious girl, when they took the vows together in the Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois.

Because of her age the marriage contract stipulated that she must remain with her parents for at least two years before joining her husband in Canada and it is easy to believe that Champlain looked forward with ardent expectancy to the time when his young bride should arrive in Quebec. But she remained in France for ten years after the wedding. Champlain may have been too exclusively concerned with the heavy pressure of his duties to bring her out at the time stipulated. It is more likely, however, that he considered the future of the little settlement too uncertain. His relationship with her was limited to brief visits.

Madame de Champlain was, therefore, twenty-two years old when she finally came to Canada. She had become a mature woman, thoughtful and intelligent, a devout Catholic and an ardent believer in the cause to which Champlain was committed; attractive, small and gay. Champlain, by way of contrast, was now fifty-three. His hair was sprinkled with gray and lacking in the bristling quality it had once possessed. The long years of struggle were beginning to show.

The wife of the founder came ashore at Quebec in a flurry of excitement. She had brought many trunks with her filled with beautiful clothes. There had been a revolution in fashions from the ugly extremes of the sixteenth century. Daintiness was now the order of the day, and it was the prevailing note in the wrist cuffs of point lace,



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Madame de Champlain frequently wore a gold chain around her neck with a small mirror. The Indians, who became much attached to her, counted it a great privilege to look at the mirror and see themselves reflected there. They believed this meant that she always kept them in her heart.

The wives in the little settlement gazed with famished wonder and delight at the gaily bedecked mate of their dignified leader and the excited bevy of young women who followed at her heels equally gay with their many colored frills and basques and puffs. Perhaps though there was a shade of dismay in Madame de Champlain's eyes as they rested on the tipsy walls of L'Abitation, Champlain's official home and took note of the dilapidated wharves and the mud of the streets.

The hasty foundations of his house had been sinking and the floors were so uneven that it was like living in a ship's cabin in rough weather. The doors and windows fitted badly and the place could not be properly heated in winter. The roof leaked allowing water to run down the walls, and there was a close and unpleasant odor of mildew.

Perceiving his wife's reaction to her new home Champlain withdrew some of the artisans from their labors with the Recollets and set them instead to repairing the home. It is unlikely that they were able to do anything about the topsy turvy walls and the uneven floors but they succeeded in making the house dry and warm.

The first winter was a period of difficult readjustment for the delicately reared young woman from Paris. There was little for her to do. Housework was negligible. The beautiful snow greeted at first with delight began soon to dampen her spirits. In this strange white world she was like a prisoner.

The marriage was not a success. If there had been less disparity in their ages if it had been the good fortune of the young wife to have taken her place by his side earlier the situation might have been different. Madame de Champlain had character and courage and it is pleasant to indulge in thoughts of what might have been, of his young wife accompanying the founder of Quebec on some of his ventures into the western wilds, sitting in the prow of a canoe, her eyes as filled with excitement as his with the beauty and wonder of the new continent.

At the end of four years it became known that Madame de Champlain would accompany her husband back to France. The glum colonists watched while her trunks, packed tight with all the finery for which she had found so little use were carried aboard the ship. They watched with open regret when the slim figure climbed the swaying rope ladder. She stood at the rail and waved to them in farewell, knowing that it was a final one.

She never came back. Having become deeply religious, she desired to enter a convent. Champlain refused his consent and it was not until after his death that she carried out her purpose of becoming an Ursuline nun taking the name of Sister Hélène d'Augustin. She founded a convent at Meaux and died there in 1654. ★

* * *

NEXT ISSUE · CHAPTER TWO

How Richelieu Spun His Web

* * *

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Brian Boru

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

gone tearing back down the lane to his tumble-down cottage roaring to his dad to get out the decoys and to light the primus stove for some new concoction whose smell was to tempt Brian Boru down to his loft. Back then to the bridge waving to the sky, calling the bird by name as it came nearer and nearer to the parapet on which stood the club's timepiece, a clock with a glass front on which there was a blue and green painting of a waterfall.

But time and again the one flew told. Brian Boru would circle and Brian Boru would sink and inevitably Brian Boru would rise again. After about thirty minutes of this he would come down to the telegraph pole over Larry's back yard and stay there until some slow coach like Michael Collins the Second had walked off with the race. The bird so loved the air that it could not settle down.

"Oh!" Larry had been heard to moan as he looked up at the telegraph pole. "O Brian Boru! Yeh sweet lamb o' the devil, will you come down? Look! I've custards for yeh. I have sowmes for yeh. I have yer loft lined with the sweetest straw," and he would start clucking and chortling at it. "Coordle coordle coordle Brian Boru u u yu. Coordle-coordle-coordle Brian Boru u u u yu." Or "Tchook tchok tch tch tch. Tchook tch tch ... oh but I'll tchook you if I lay me hands on you, you criminal type. Brian my darling aren't you going to come down to me?"

Brian would snuggle his beak on his chest or make a contemptuous noise like a snore. Thus that night at the bridge after race nights Larry simply had to talk about Brian Boru.

"It's not fair," Larry would protest. "The rules should be altered. That bird is not being given his due. That bird is suffering an injustice. Sure it's only plain, honest reason. The bird is first home in every race, will any member of the club deny it? Sure this bird is home hours before any of your so called pigeons, cripples I call them." And then, true to his happy light-hearted nature, he could not help laughing and making a joke of it. Six feet two and as innocent as a child. "Did I call them cripples? Cripples is too good for them. The one half of ye must be breeding your birds from a cross between penguins and pelicans!"

At which he would recover something of his natural good humor again and go off chortling, a chortle that would die as he remembered what began it. It was the Easter Monday race that brought things to a head.

That day a passing stranger said to him as Brian Boru came into sight, "Whose bird is that?"

Larry, leaning with his back and two elbows on the parapet, gave an idle glance over his shoulder at the sky.

"Him! He's my bird. But och, he's out of the race, you know. He's what you might call a gentleman pigeon. He's doing it for fun. That bird, sir, could win any race he wanted to. But the way it is with him he couldn't be bothered. Pride is what's wrong with that bird, sir. Pride! Pride, they say, made the angels fall. Maybe it did. I wish something would make that fellow fall."

Whereupon Larry, as if a new understanding of the nature of pigeons had been vouchsafed to him, turned and gave the circling speck a terrible look. It was the look of a man struck by rejected love. Just at that moment it was that the man who owned Michael Collins the Second said the fatal word as they all remembered and often recounted long after.

He was a shrimp of a creature, a Tom Thumb of a man, who worked as a boots in a hotel and bred his pigeons out of his tips. Seeing that look of misery in Larry's face he laughed and said, "Why don't you breed budgerigars, Larry? At least you could take them out of their cage and kiss 'em." The row of pigeon fanciers staring up at the sky chuckled. They did not see the look of hate in Larry's face or notice the way he slouched away home to his cabin.

Once again he entered the bird. Once more the pigeon scorned the earth. Once more the boots mentioned budgerigars and this time he added that canaries can at least sing. Once more Michael Collins the Second won the race. That finished it.

LARRY went home and on the following Monday he sold every bird except Brian Boru, every box, left packet of food, every medicine bottle that he possessed. With the

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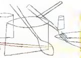

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Put into a well greased pan, sprinkle some grated cheese over top, and place in moderate oven for 40 minutes. Serves six.

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money he bought an old Smith and Wesson thirty-two bore and five rounds of ammunition from a former pal of the Irish Republican Army. Then for the last time he entered the bird, saw it come, as always, first of the team up against the clouds that floated like bridesmaids over the hedgerows, and saw in the sun how Brian swerved and circled and sank and rose again and did so his usual number of times before making for the inaccessible perch on the telegraph pole. While the dozen heads along the bridge shook their commiseration Larry gripped his revolver in his pocket and waited for the boots to laugh. The boots laughed.

At that Larry's body took on the old fighting stretch: he pulled his hat savagely down over one eye, he buttoned his coat across his chest, he became the old down-looking gunman he had been fifteen years ago when he was in the IRA. Then, with a roll of his shoulders like a militiaman, a trick learned from his soldier days, he looked at the boots between the shoulder blades, put on the final bit of the gunman's manner—the ominously casual strolling gait—and walked quietly down the lane. There he found Brian on the pole.

"Brian," he whispered, but without hope. "Will you come down to me now?" The bird rose and flew away, circled and came back again. "So yeh won't come down," whispered Larry out of the corner of his mouth. The bird looked haughtily over the lane roofs as if contemplating another circle of flight. Before it could stir the shot cracked. With one head-sinking tumble it fell with a flop to the ground.

Larry stooped, lifted the hot twitching body in his palms, gave it one agonized look and pelted back to the bridge roaring like a maniac.

"By the Lord Almighty," they said when they saw him coming screeching with the bird in his palms, "Brian Boru is after winning at last!"

Shouldering them cluster right and left, Larry snapped the beak to the glass of the clock, displayed the coffin-lead ring on the stiff ankle and sheered pale as the circle: "Has he won?"

It was only then that they saw the blood oozing down between his trembling fingers, but before they could tell him what they thought of him they saw the mad look in his eyes and the way his hand stole to his pocket.

"Well," yelled Larry at the boots. "Has he won? Or has he not won? Or maybe you'll say there's a rule that a dead bird can't win a race?"

"He w-w-won, all right," trembled the boots.

"Gimme his prize!" said Larry.

In fear they gave it to him. It was a new dovecot painted a lovely green. ("Bar-de-canal," the boots called it afterward, being the sarcastic brute he was.) Larry took the dovecot and with the reddening beak hanging from his fist he slouched away. On Monday he sold the dovecot, had the bird stuffed and put in the window of his lane cabin for the world to see.

YOU NEVER see Larry Dunne at the canal bridge now. He walks moodily by himself along the towpaths, idly flicking a little twig against the hedges, or he sits with his father at the other side of the fire, learning off bits from his favorite book, Who's Who, or gazing into the dancing devils of flame. The club will be down under the canal bridge discussing the fancy. The sky outside is lined with the lights of Dublin. And in the little curtained window the pigeon looks with two glassy eyes out over the damp market gardens and the heavy night fields at the bloody sky. ★

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The Waiting Wives of Spandau

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

country was explored and it resulted in an attack on Spandau by newspapers plugging the theme of "Expensive War Criminals." West Berlin's late Lord Mayor Dr. Ernst Reuter fired the first shot by declaring that the prisoners in Spandau had fifty-two servants, received a special diet and were costing his council one hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year. (The official estimated cost of maintaining Spandau in 1953 was just over sixty-six thousand dollars.) Reuter disclosed he had written to the three Allied commandants in West Berlin asking them to meet him to discuss "this intolerable burden in view of Berlin's financial crisis."

When the families learned that under no circumstances would the body of a prisoner who died in Spandau be handed over they agitated for a relaxation of this rule and finally the three Western high commissioners yielded to pressure from the German government and proposed a modification of the procedure. On the ground that it violated the four-power agreement governing the custody of the prisoners the Soviet refused to agree that the families should have the right to arrange a private burial, saying that it would pander to Nazi fanatics throughout the country.

While relatives continue to press their case the seven men speculate on that grisly problem.

Luise Wants Her Mansion

At one time Britain, the United States and France secretly indicated to Russia their willingness to reconsider the cases of the Spandau prisoners. "But," say many, "should anyone undo or reverse the sentences of the Nuremberg International Court—a court that shouldered full world responsibility for meting out justice to the criminals of the Hitler war?"

The waiting wives of Spandau have done battle on another front in an attempt to salvage some of the great material assets they once controlled. State allowances, pensions and other sources of income keep the families on a reasonably comfortable keel but for most of them their present mode of living is only temporary—they hope. They believe they have a strong case in regulations and manoeuvres now going on for the return of confiscated property and funds that will make them as rich and prosperous as they were formerly.

Frau Luise Funk, for instance, aims at recovering from the German government the family estate at Hechenberg and the handsome residence that stands on it called "Berghof." The Funks paid 400,000 marks (about one hundred and sixty thousand dollars) for the property when they bought it in 1941 and they added considerably to this outlay by extensive improvements. General George S. Patton, who lived in Berghof for awhile after it was confiscated, described it as the finest house he had seen in Germany.

Leaving nothing to chance, Luise Funk is also manoeuvring to recover her property and funds by offering to pay an agreed "fine" to the Bavarian government for her husband's misdeeds.

In my journeying to meet the women of Spandau I first traveled to Gadenberg, a remote Alpine hamlet in Upper Bavaria, where *Frau* Ilse Hess has

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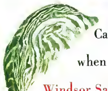

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problem for alice

If one clock loses a minute a day and another doesn't run at all, which would you choose?

Common sense says to take the one losing a minute a day. But if the better clock is the one showing the correct time more often, take the one that doesn't run at all. Once set, the "losing" clock takes 720 days before it's right again. But the clock that doesn't run at all is correct twice a day!

That's what Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland" said, and he must have known. In private life, Carroll was a modest mathematician. But whenever he tired of maths, he'd lapse back into a "Wonderland" mood.

Carroll's modesty, it's said, was due to a stammer, with the letter "M" a special problem. He enjoyed a glass of ale occasionally, and had Molson's been available to him, it's almost certain he'd have overcome his difficulty.

Over here, Canadians have been putting special emphasis on their "M's" since 1786, the year Molson's was founded. Without the slightest hesitation, they've been saying "Make Mine Molson's", loud and clear for 168 years. During that period, a clock losing a minute a day would have been right only 84 times, but lovers of fine ale have been right all along.

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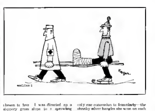

chosen to live. I was directed up a slippery grass slope to a sprawling wooden house that had for a close companion a great barn. It was difficult to find anyone, but a woman finally appeared and, in answer to my question, pointed to the door of the barn and said: "That is where Frau Hess lives."

In the darkness of the barn I could make out cattle stalls filled with logs and there was a flight of steps whose door led to a landing and a couple of other entrances. I came across the woman whose directions I had tried to follow and it appeared that this part of the barn belonged to her. "The other door," she said, and in the end I reached a door opened by Frau Hess, a tall, heavily built woman who smiled a greeting.

She took charge of my overcoat and I followed her into a room that served both as kitchen and bedroom. In a corner was a single box divan covered by a chintz spread and cushions. On the wall above the divan hung a striking painting of a handsome boy of about ten and alongside it a crude pencil drawing of a man descending by parachute watched by a solitary farmer gazing up at him from the fields below.

I stared at the drawing for an instant and Frau Hess cut in with: "My husband drew that when he was a prisoner in England. He sent it to my son. He thought it would amuse him."

A moment later we walked into another room that, in spite of being part of the barn (the top corner of it in fact), was surprisingly cosy. I settled down in a comfortable old armchair. Facing me across a circular table was Frau Hess. At her side was a smaller table and on it a portable typewriter that she uses. She is writing a book tentatively entitled My Life With Rudolf Hess and she had been working on it when I arrived. The room was full of pictures and photographs and piles of letters. On the wall too was a striking head of Rudolf Hess in water color done by Professor Horn, Hitler's favorite painter.

Frau Hess has always been described as the typical German Hausfrau. She's a Hausfrau of course but there's nothing typical about her; there's much more to her than that; even if the mousy blond hair straight cut and caught up at one side by a single clip and the freckled and rosy complexion of a peasant she makes no attempt to hide with make-up, tend to discount this impression. She admits having put on considerable weight during the last few years but she looks younger than her fifty-three years. The collar of a striped blouse peeped over a high-necked sweater; a plain black skirt, nylons and low-heeled walking shoes, silver buckled, completed her outfit. In her disciplined appearance there was only one concession to femininity—the chunky silver bangles she wore on each wrist.

Ilse Hess is married to a loose-leaf letter file she keeps on a table beside her and that is all she possesses of a husband, or will ever possess, unless the Nuremberg sentences are modified. That is all, seemingly, but she has reserves of strength and character that make her quite remarkable from other women.

She began to talk: "The last conversation I had with my husband was outside the nursery at our home in Munich on May the tenth, 1941. I asked him: 'When will you be back?' and he said he didn't quite know and that it might be on the following day but certainly not later than Monday evening. I replied: 'I don't believe it. You won't come back as quickly.' I have never seen him since. We are not apart though.

"My husband and I are in constant telepathic contact. People frequently turn up here that I have not seen for years, and inevitably in Rudolf's next letter there are questions about these very visitors. My husband and I receive and send to each other in this way."

Rudy's Aches And Pains

I wanted an explanation of Hess' illnesses and Frau Hess was by no means unwilling to discuss her husband's condition. "We frequently quarreled because I felt there was nothing wrong with him and this was proved by the many examinations he had. It was only his imagination and nerves but nothing would convince him. During the first year and a half when he was a prisoner in England he was always writing to me about his aches and pains. Then one day the complaints suddenly ceased and I knew that at last he had accepted the fact that he was a prisoner and could do nothing about it. Only then did the anger and pain in his stomach and chest vanish."

At our second meeting she talked to me about her fifteen-year-old son Wolf.

"The school our boy goes to at Berchtesgaden is co-educational and sometimes this worries me a little. Two of my son's closest friends say it is very nice but they wouldn't like their own sister to go there.

"I was very much taken by my son's former teacher. He was a brilliant man and I asked him to discuss my husband's letters with the boy, which he did. He seemed to me to be a good influence and I was shocked when he was arrested on a charge of perverting some of his pupils and sent to prison. It is a tragedy. He was such a happily married man and the school no longer seems the same without him. Wolf's progress appears to have been slowed up and I am seriously thinking of taking him away."

Although none of the boys at school ever tease Wolf about his father, he keeps a collection of photographs of him tucked away in a leather case. "Why should I have the pictures by my bed and let the other boys stare at them all the time?" he says.

Back in her mountain home Frau Hess reads the letters from her husband over and over again, smiling to herself as she relishes the flavor once more of a familiar passage, and editing the Nazi philosophies he deliberately injects into them for posterity or rather future publication. They are meant to be a new Mein Kampf from the man who helped Adolf Hitler write the original.

As Ilse Hess takes up afresh the writings from Spandau Prison, she must think of the night she sat in a restaurant with Adolf Hitler and her boy friend Rudolf. She had just lost her job with a bookseller and was undecided whether to begin studying at Munich University or find work elsewhere.

Said Hitler: "My dear girl, has it never occurred to you to make a job of marrying this man here?" pointing to Rudolf. A few weeks later they were married.

Without any apparent financial support from her husband since early 1941 Frau Hess has managed to live and to send her son to a good-class Berchtesgaden boarding school.

"People say that you have at least a million pounds tucked away abroad, Frau Hess," I fired at her during my visit.

She responded simply with a slow smile, and said: "I have managed to pay off old debts." She added: "When my husband went off without notice I had a large house on my hands with fifteen servants. I had only two thousand marks in ready cash."

Hess is reputed to be one of seven of Hitler's lieutenants which included Goering, Goebbels and Ribbentrop who deposited between them an aggregate of about ten million dollars abroad. Hess' share of this amounted to one and a half millions and, in addition, he is said to have taken out an insurance policy for nearly a million dollars on his own life and a further one for a quarter of a million on the life of his wife.

Following her husband's abortive flight to England Ilse Hess, through the influence of a friend, secured a state pension as the wife of a high-ranking "prisoner of war."

"I make money from writing," she claims—but she certainly doesn't make enough from this to live on. Her main literary effort has been a book published in Germany, entitled England–Nuremberg–Spandau, which, though receiving the "approval" of ex-Nazis and their underground organizations, proved to be no money spinner. There was too much Nazi propaganda in it for publication abroad. But Frau Hess need never worry. Her husband's "Men," as he frequently refers to his Nazi comrades in his letters from Spandau, will look after her.

MY NEXT MEETING with another member of the Spandau Club took place in Munich where Henriette von Schirach lives and works. At week ends she returns to the village of Urfeld where she owns a bungalow spacious enough to contain three large reception rooms and several small bedrooms and bought with the money she earned as an assistant in her father's photographic laboratories.

Eve Braun, before her friendship with Hitler, was also an assistant in

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the laboratories which made Henriette's father, Heinrich Hoffmann, a millionaire as a result of the monopoly he was able to establish under the Nazi regime.

Slim and attractive Henriette von Schirach, with only the grey tinge of her boyishly close-cropped hair as a telltale sign of the passing years, is the outcast of the Spandau Club. She is still a member, but since her divorce from Baldur von Schirach, most of the other wives prefer to deal with Henriette's brother Heinrich, who looks after his brother-in-law's affairs.

"It may be hard for others to understand but I did not desert my husband because he was in trouble," Henriette asserts. "I was a 'widow' of the Nazi regime years before Spandau because Baldur was married to the Nazis and his Hitler Youth."

She evidently felt that she needed to defend herself. As she spoke she became more excited as she recalled the relationship between herself and her husband and her disappointments.

"Baldur lives the life of a Tibetan monk and that is how he now thinks of himself. It began soon after his imprisonment in Nuremberg in 1945 and it precipitated the divorce. Not once during my visits to him in Nuremberg Prison, and certainly not in any of the letters I received from him until I divorced him, did he ever ask, 'How do you and the children live?' To find the money in order to smuggle a bottle of schnapps into his cell at Nuremberg I had to sell something. When my boys needed boots, my treasured collection of baby clothes went to the farmers who bought them. I sold bottles of Coca-Cola in the streets to earn a little or worked as an usherette in a cinema. My husband could only acknowledge my struggle by sending me idealistic, out-of-this-world poems, and I couldn't feed my children with his poems.

"Baldur would never face facts. We argued constantly about this. His sister Rosalinde was brought up in Britain and America and is a complete Anglophile. Baldur himself also naturally likes the Anglo-Saxons because he is himself of American extraction, yet he burned his boats frequently and in most extraordinary ways.

"On one occasion in 1943 I was listening to a BBC broadcast to Germany and heard that he had made a particularly silly speech at a Vienna rally full of hatred against the British. I telephoned him from Munich at once and said, 'What the devil do you think you are doing and saying with the war at such a dangerous stage?'

"He became furious and, cursing me, said warningly, 'Keep your mouth shut; even for *Frau* von Schirach there is a concentration camp.'

"I know that my husband was the victim of his upbringing," she says in extenuation, "and that at the time of his arrest and trial he really wanted to make amends. He has always said that German youth could not be blamed for Auschwitz and the barbarities of other concentration camps, but because my husband was an idealistic ostrich who would never face the truth about himself or others he cannot escape his share of the guilt."

Today Henriette von Schirach works under an assumed name as a saleswoman for French films distributed in Germany. In addition she is the assistant editor of a television magazine and helps to produce television films. Although her children, Angelina (nineteen), Klaus (eighteen), Robert (fourteen) and Richard (ten) are wards of court, she looks after them with the help of her brother.

Since Von Schirach entered Spandau he and his sister Rosalinde have inherited a large American family fortune but he has categorically refused to assign any of his share to Henriette. His sister Rosalinde and his brother-in-law Hoffmann help with some of the expense of bringing up the Von Schirach children. Henriette recently raised thirty thousand marks by disposing of a Van Gogh.

Throughout our conversation Henriette von Schirach made no attempt to defend her own association with the march of Nazism. "I am not entitled to any sympathy," she said. "I was responsible for my own mistakes and in the end I finished in the gutter crawling for a living while Baldur in Spandau kept his head in the clouds at a safe distance from reality."

FOR TWENTY-FOUR desperate days during the month of May 1945 a silver-haired sharp-featured woman was the First Lady of what was left of Hitler's Reich. *Frau* Inge Doenitz, wife of Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz, has never forgotten the experience and she lives and waits for the time when she and her husband—the man with the shortest sentence and biggest hopes in Spandau—will assume, as she says, "his rightful place at the head of the state."

Frau Doenitz has a three-room apartment near Hamburg. Dominating the few pictures in the living room is a naval artist's impression, drawn in 1941, of her husband's massive U-boat pens under construction at Lorient.

On the Saturday we met *Frau* Doenitz was off duty from her work as a nursing sister at the Hamburg Rautenberg Hospital, declared by the German government some time ago to be a centre of neo-Fascist activity. She lives on her salary as a nurse plus a state pension granted to her as a naval "widow."

Dachau Wasn't Comfortable

She had exchanged her hospital uniform for a plain but elegant woolen dress. She is tall and thin and her hair is worn in a bun. She is disciplined from head to toe and has a command over herself to be expected from the daughter of a family of four generations of professional soldiers.

Both her sons were killed in action, Peter early in the war and Klaus, who was drowned in an E-boat action. Only her daughter Ursula, married to former U-boat commander Gunter Hessler, survives.

"At the Nuremberg Tribunal, my husband learned about many terrible things which he was not aware of before," she said. "He knew nothing of concentration camps and nor did I, although admittedly I had heard of Dachau and other such places and that it wasn't very comfortable to be in any of them.

"When I occasionally mentioned the question of concentration camps to my husband he would reply, 'A lady in your position should not associate herself with rumors.'"

Doenitz was apparently much more informed on the subject than his wife was aware of. It is undeniable that not only had Doenitz made mention of the use of concentration-camp labor at Hitler's naval conferences, but on one occasion had made a personal request to the Fuhrer for the release of a prisoner whose specialized technical skill was required.

Frau Doenitz' conversation switched suddenly from the uncomfortable past to more pleasant thoughts of the future.

"We might move in with my daughter-in-law," she volunteered, and then with a slight smile, "but the day may come when demands will be made on my husband. If Heuss, the present head of the German State, were to die influential people might decide to ask my husband to take over. Knowing his sense of duty, which is not prompted by vanity as some appear to think, he would accept."

Frau Doenitz paused and the only sign of tension was the way she gripped the cigarette holder in her hand. "My husband has the right to hold the first position in the land for two reasons. Firstly, because he was responsible for saving two and a half million Germans who were able to escape from the Russians during the time he was Head of State and played for their safety by delaying the armistice. Secondly, because he was nominated in Hitler's will as his successor."

"Are you suggesting in all seriousness that your husband is entitled to inherit a right from a regime that had no power to confer it, is no longer in office and wholly discredited?" I asked.

She snapped back coldly and precisely: "Hitler was made Chancellor when Hindenburg was President. The Reichstag then voted him absolute power for four years, during which time Hindenburg died and Hitler, using his rightful authority, combined the positions of President and Reichs Chancellor into that of *Staatsoberhaupt* or Führer.

"Hitler threw out the old constitution and in its place established his own, by which among other things he gave himself the right to appoint his successor. This right is now a German law."

I replied that a law established by such a regime and in such a way could be disposed of without any difficulty. *Frau* Doenitz seemed about to say something, but then the cigarette holder was lowered and she replied quietly: "Mind you, my husband will not try to insist on this right, but would always be ready to take the wheel if the people desired it."

ON A BEDROOM WALL in a tumbledown house high above the ruins of Heidelberg Castle I saw a strange pencil drawing in a simple wooden frame. The drawing, little more than a miniature, depicts a lonely woman in a black shawl seated beneath two massive broken Grecian pillars, the ruins of some lost architect. Towering in the background are a range of mountains.

In the right-hand corner of the drawing are the initials A. S., the initials of Albert Speer, Hitler's favorite architect and Minister of Production. The drawing was released to his family by the Spandau authorities as a special privilege.

To Speer's family it brought a message of deep significance. The woman in the drawing is Speer's mother, widowed and in mourning for her lost son. She is surrounded by ruins, his ambitions and hopes. The mountains symbolize Speer's dream of freedom.

I stood in the bedroom gazing at this drawing with Speer's wife Margarete. Until May last year, when they moved into a brand-new apartment house in the town of Heidelberg itself, the Speer family, *Frau* Speer and her six children, lived for years in an overcrowded out house in the grounds of her father-in-law's estate.

In spite of her big family, Margarete Speer managed to look smart and presentable in a simple white pleated blouse, long-sleeved beige cardigan and plain grey skirt, and she had the figure to fill them. Her hair was cut short into a neat back roll.

There are four Speer boys and two girls. Eighteen-year-old cello-playing Albert wants to be an architect like his father and grandfather. He is at present apprenticed to a carpenter. His

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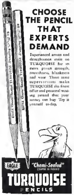
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father directs his son's career in letters from Spandau. "I agree Albert to your taking carpentry lessons as part of your training as an architect on condition that later on you work for a time as a bricklayer. This is necessary because you cannot ever give orders on a site without command of the trades, otherwise you feel stupid and a decent fellow would even feel a little bit of a fraud."

Fritz, at fifteen, is the scientist of the family. Natural science, chemistry, physics and geometry are his specialty.

"As for you, Fritz," writes his father from Spandau, "when I was as young as you are now, I too was a little irresponsible and disinclined to work at school. Sometimes I was bad tempered, which I now know was due to the natural growing phase of a boy. I know all about those complexes which often plague a boy, but they disappear as you grow older. And because I know all this I would dearly like to help you now. I took to rowing and thereby got rid of all harmful tendencies. I suggest you do the same."

"Then there is the shy one, Margaret, whom you saw when you arrived," said *Frau Speer* counting her brood to me. "Margaret is fourteen and Arnold, he is a year younger, comes next. As far as school is concerned he is the black sheep of the family. Ernest, the youngest, is nine; then there's my eldest, Hilde.

"My husband lives only for his children now, but we have never allowed any of them to visit him in Spandau. I am against it. They would get a wrong impression of a father of whom they knew very little before because he was away so much during the war.

"I don't want to argue the rights and wrongs of my husband's case. He was tried at Nuremberg because he used foreign slave labor, although I do say he was not the one who actually employed them. But don't you think he has already paid a big enough price with eight years of his life?" asked his wife.

Then, abruptly, Margarete Speer dropped the subject. She knows her husband is one of the few Nazi war criminals who admit their mistakes and the wrongs they have committed against humanity.

"The early years of our marriage were great fun," she reminisced. "As soon as the sun appeared in March or April off we would go with skis and rucksack traveling through the Alps from one Alpine Union hut to another keeping wherever possible to the heights and not going down into the valleys. I remember how cross Albert was when despite his physique he could not make the last few metres of a lofty peak. Albert liked getting what he wanted.

"Driving was my husband's greatest joy. We always had a two-seater sports car and I was the spare driver. Albert never lost this enthusiasm and when he became Minister of Production he even learned to drive a tank.

"Rowing, flying a plane and rugby were his other favorite pastimes but our beautiful carefree days were gone after a few years, sacrificed for his career."

Once There Was A Swimming Pool

Margarete Speer changed the subject once more. It was about her daughter, seventeen-year-old Hilde, she wanted to talk. Last summer Hilde changed her home in Heidelberg for another in Hastings-on-Hudson, New York. She was chosen by the American Board of Re-education of the U. S. Information Services in Germany as one of a number of pupils to spend twelve months at an American school learning the democratic way of life. The identity of her father was an official secret and she lived with a Dr. Richard Day, a children's doctor and psychologist.

Hilde shared the Day family's home life, attended the local school with Day's three daughters and was a regular speaker at international youth discussion groups. The only people in the family aware of her background were Day and his wife.

Albert Speer was a rich man—his Berlin home had extensive gardens and a swimming pool. During his years as Hitler's architect he invested a fortune in shares. Since he was sentenced he has inherited considerable wealth from his mother. From all this *Frau* Speer is allowed about a hundred and ten dollars a month.

I MET ERIKA RAEDER, second wife of the Grand Admiral who built Hitler's navy and [illegible] her life, at the Hanover airport and we drove off to her home in Lippstadt, Westphalia, a three hours' journey along the *autobahn*. On the way I realized how *Frau* Raeder can hate. With every word, this tall pallid-faced woman in her mid-sixties, and still wearing mourning for her thirty-year-old son Hans, poured out unqualified bitterness. It was anathema to her when Hitler replaced her husband as C.-in-C. of Germany's navy with the "new boy" Doenitz. Her country's defeat was yet another blow, and in 1946 she vanished from Berlin with her husband; she was flown to Moscow.

The Russians returned her husband to Germany to stand trial at Nuremberg, but for four years she herself remained a prisoner behind the Iron Curtain, her whereabouts a Soviet secret. In Minsk and in the Birnau, Buchenwald and Sachsenhausen concentration camps in Eastern Germany she savored the dregs of misery and the heaped-up indignities.

When Grand Admiral Raeder was convicted as a war criminal, the Russians were requested by the Nuremberg Tribunal to allow the wife a special visit to her husband, but she never appeared.

"They fed me on caviar in Moscow but let me go hungry in Minsk," she says. "In Sachsenhausen I had to peel seven hundred potatoes a day, was interrogated all the time and finally released without explanation."

She left Sachsenhausen, a former Nazi death prison, exactly four years to the day she and her husband were captured by Russian troops when their home near Berlin was overrun.

"On my release my orders were to stay in the Soviet zone, not to speak to others about the Russians, and to live in the Potsdam district." But at the first opportunity, wearing a pair of men's shoes and carrying a small rucksack, she took a train into the American sector of Berlin.

"I never belonged to the Nazi Party and yet I was punished," she added bitterly.

Everything Erika Raeder said was colored with venom.

"The International Court of Nuremberg had no legal right of existence and no legal powers. The accused never had a chance to produce any evidence or witnesses for their defense who might have helped them.

"We Germans always did everything to save crews of ships torpedoed by U-boats. One U-boat towed a shipwrecked crew all the way across the Atlantic to the Spanish coast." (She omitted to mention it was the crew of another U-boat sunk by us.)

"British inhumanity in the conduct of the war was shown in many ways, including the use of Q-boat traps." (Apparently we should have left them to destroy our shipping unmolested.)

When we reached her modern apartment house she spoke sadly of the conditions at Spandau and said she thought relatives should be granted free air travel to the prison.

And then, amid the Goebbels-style outpourings of this embittered woman, came: "In Churchill's book The Gathering Storm he admitted his intention to invade Norway was only forestalled by Germany. Yet the invasion of neutral Norway was a charge on which my husband was convicted at Nuremberg.

"The reason why the British detest us and my husband in particular is because his brave little ships Scharnhorst and Gneisenau and the tiny German navy made the British look silly and proved themselves better fighters. There is no doubt that the little German navy was much better than the great British navy."

Of all the members of the Spandau Club *Frau* Raeder was the most talkative and its worst propagandist. Like Inge Doenitz she receives a "widow's" pension and is also allowed to draw a percentage of her husband's considerable bank assets.

WINIFRED VON MACKENSEN, daughter of an ambassador and the wife of one, is the diplomatic brains of the Spandau Club. If the prisoners are ever released before their time they will most certainly owe their freedom to this forty-nine-year-old London-born woman. Since the death of her husband in 1949 her only interests are her father, Baron von Neurath, her mother and the remains of the family estate in Württemberg, where Queen

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Mary spent her girlhood years.

In spite of her crown of white hair, wavy and silken, Baroness Von Neurath's skin is smooth and firm. In a billowing dress all blue and white, and wearing a straw hat that shades her face from the sun, she is no less graceful than when, as she often did, she attended the garden parties at Buckingham Palace.

With the seventy-nine-year-old Baroness we took tea in her private drawing room, a room that belongs to the long forgotten past. Everywhere, on the papered walls, on the old oak writing desk, on occasional tables are photographs, miniatures and paintings of branches of the Von Neurath family tree.

The Baroness served, and I could not but think how strikingly she resembled her girlhood friend, the late Queen Mary. Her conversation in perfect English, only occasionally halted by a difficult phrase which found easier voice in German, was tea-table conversation of bygone days in England, of parties and the activities of the various diplomatic corps in London, of the Von Neurath estate, but not a word of Spandau.

Only when we had finished and the Baroness, seated for a moment at her desk, picked up her husband's last letter from prison and began to read it deliberately and firmly, did emotion intrude. Then suddenly, as if remembering she was the wife of a diplomat, she recovered herself and finished what she was reading, carefully folded the letter into its original creases and slipped it back into its envelope.

"It would be nice if he could die here with me," she said quietly. She got up and I took my leave. As the door closed behind us, *Frau* von Mackensen said, "We diplomats always learn to control our emotions."

Hanging Would Be Better

As we started to descend the staircase the old world of Baron von Neurath, Protector of Bohemia and Moravia, bulked in with the pointed horns of a stag mounted on wood and inscribed, "Shot November 1940 In Moravia"—Moravia where thousands of men and women were also shot or died in concentration camps.

"It would have been better for my father," *Frau* von Mackensen said, "to have been hanged at Nuremberg than to live as he does in Spandau. I am his daughter. I love him and I can say that knowing it to be true.

"I make no defense for him. He made a mistake and has been tried and found guilty and one doesn't argue about it," she says. "But he is so old and sick that even had he once been dangerous, he can no longer do any harm. If he were allowed to return here to his home he could be placed under some form of restraint.

"His only wish is to be able to die in his home and to be near the wife to whom he has been married for fifty-two years. My father was never a member of any party and that is officially admitted. He is a German."

The Von Neuraths are another Spandau family to believe in telepathy. Often the Baroness will tell her daughter she knows the Baron had a bad heart attack during the night and it is always confirmed in the next letter from him. And *Frau* von Mackensen, walking in the garden, sometimes feels her father to be near. "A few days later he writes and mentions a particular tree I was looking at that day."

Although both Von Neurath and his wife were always wealthy—her fortune, like Von Schirach's, came from American family sources—the family's main cash income is Winifred von Mackensen's pension as the widow of an ambassador. In 1951, however, a lost will was found in the family archives that enabled *Frau* von Mackensen to prove her mother's right to regain half of the Von Neurath estate. Hitler once made Von Neurath an outright gift of about a hundred thousand dollars but this money still lies in a Wurttemberg bank.

TO TELL THE STORY of Luise Funk, the final member of the Spandau Club, let us travel with her on her monthly pilgrimage to visit her husband. From her guest house retreat in Bavaria she usually flies to Berlin, sometimes via Munich and sometimes via Dusseldorf. "I don't want the Russians to be certain of the route each time," explains *Frau* Funk. "They don't like the Funks and they may take it into their heads to attack my plane."

At Tempelhof Aerodrome, Berlin, a waiting car takes her to the Hotel West Pension, Kurfurstendam, in the British sector. This hotel, favorite Berlin home of Unity Mitford in the days when she was smitten by Hitler, is also popular with Spandau wives whenever they visit their husbands.

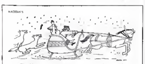
As she opened the door of her bedroom Luise Funk looked for the large bunch of flowers she knew would be on the dressing table. There is always a bouquet of pink carnations awaiting her there on the express orders of her husband and provided by Hans Rechenberg, a former colleague of Funk's in the Economics Ministry.

Frau Funk immediately crosses to the telephone beside her bed and asks for a number, the secret number of Spandau Prison. Within a few seconds there is a click at the other end of the line and she announces herself, adding, "I am now in Berlin."

"Ring again later," is the answer.

In another three hours' time Luise Funk makes the second call, and she is told, "At eleven o'clock tomorrow morning." It is in this way that a visit to the prison is finally fixed. The routine is always the same.

It is the practice not to allow more than two of the prisoners to receive visits on the same day. On the eve of a visiting day all the excitement and the mood of expectancy and tension communicates itself to the other prisoners as well. When the medical officer



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sees them for their daily examination he can diagnose a pending visit without any difficulty. Von Schirach develops a migraine headache and desires a strong sedative, old Von Neurath just asks for "something that will make me sleep a little better tonight," and the same goes for Speer and Funk. Only Doenitz and Raeder, steeped in service discipline, are able almost invariably to dispense with sedatives. Hess never sees any visitors.

At 10.30 a.m. the morning of her visit, Luise Funk and Hans Rechenberg left their hotel in a hired car which twenty-five minutes later drew up outside Spandau. *Frau* Funk got out and walked alone along a stone pathway to the main entrance of the prison and past the wooden signs "No Entrance" and "Warning. Danger. Do not approach this fence. Guards have orders to shoot. By Order." She reached the massive iron studded gate and knocked. Immediately a guard peered through a small window and asked:

"Are you *Frau* Funk?"

She replied that she was and then a small door opened in the gate and she slipped through. Waiting for her on the inside was round-faced, portly *Monsieur* Darbois, the French director of the prison, who escorted her to the guardroom, where she began to fill in the visitors' book. While *Frau* Funk was thus engaged the contents of her large black handbag were emptied on to a desk for examination. The bag itself also came under observation and so too did the coat which the visitor had brought with her. When the guards were satisfied the possessions were placed in a cupboard until the visit was over.

In the company of Darbois and an armed guard Luise Funk stepped out of the room and made her way up a flight of stairs to the conference room where after a brief delay she was taken into the visitors' room next door. Overshadowing everything and splitting the room into two was the high partition of single close wire mesh. This mesh used to be double until it was decided to modify the barrier to improve the view on each side and thus give prisoner and visitor a better look at each other.

Frau Funk sat down on a wooden stool in front of a long table facing the wire partition. The stool had been placed where it was so that a powerful spotlight could be directed on the face of the visitor to enable officials to watch every expression and signal. Close to her left sat Darbois while on her right was the Russian director. There were two stenographers, one each side of the wire, ready to take down a full note of the conversation. Leaning against the wall behind her were the British and American directors.

Uproar In The Visitors' Room

As *Frau* Funk waited the Russian stenographer smiled suddenly and said in easy German, "*Noch nicht fertig mit Sonntagskleids*" ("He's not yet ready with his Sunday clothes").

A few moments later the room's second door on the other side of the wire opened and bristling little Walther Funk shuffled nervously in ahead of a guard to seat himself on a stool opposite his wife. Both of them placed their hands on the table before them and the visit began.

The prisoner opened the conversation as he always does with "Now I am happy again because I can see you," and then enquired if his wife had had a good trip. As a former journalist Funk once was able to turn a good phrase but he finds it extremely difficult to talk easily in the visiting room. Politics, prison routine and world events are subjects that must not be mentioned and so he chatters mainly about his illnesses and his wife's clothes. On this occasion he saw that she was wearing a new outfit.

"Stand up so that I can see your new suit," he said. She did so and then he commanded, "Turn round and let me see how it looks from the back." *Frau* Funk obliged.

"Did you buy it at the fashion salon where you used to shop?" He was pleased when his wife nodded, knowing it to be a very expensive place.

Luise Funk, never at a loss for conversation, talked about their friends, the farm tenants, and anything and everything she could think of. Then, driven by some impulse, she suddenly said, "I wish I could touch you."

As if moved by the same thought both tried to push their little fingers through the mesh. At once the Russian director sprang from his stool and began to shout and storm at this breach of the regulations. Man and wife shrank back in terror at this outburst but the other directors intervened on their behalf and the conversation began again. Funk started to talk about his operation, nervously twisting a handkerchief throughout the interview as always.

"Don't put that on record," the Russian director ordered the stenographers.

"Are they still shining lights in your cell?" inquired *Frau* Funk.

As the prisoner nodded and said, "I have to cover my eyes with three handkerchiefs," the Russian director again interrupted angrily.

"Such talk is forbidden here! Not here! Not here!"

This reprimand galvanized Funk, usually as timid as a rabbit, into an outburst of uncontrollable fury. Yelling and cursing he jumped up from his seat. "Is it a crime to speak? Is it a crime?" he shouted at the top of his voice, raging and cursing at everyone.

His wife, terrified at the possible consequence of such behavior, suddenly sagged as if about to collapse, and the British and American directors, aware of her weak heart, hurried forward to prevent her from falling. She was carried out of the room, propped up on a sofa in the adjoining room and given a drink of water. Not until she had rested and was judged to have recovered from the slight heart attack was she allowed to return and assured that the time lost by the incident would not be counted.

Walther Funk was led in once more. Contrite, and wringing his hands, he apologized to his wife and explained, "It is because my nerves are frayed by the amount of drugs I have to take."

The talk went on until the French director glanced at his watch, rapped on the table, called out, "*Noch drei Minuten*"—only three minutes to go. When the time signal was at last given man and wife stood up, threw each other a kiss and then Luise Funk walked out of the room and the half hour visit was over.

At the first opportunity those who receive visitors talk excitedly together, but at night comes the reaction, often fearful. Then they need opiates more than ever, something powerful enough to dull frayed nerves and erase the memory of a lost world that once knew their ambitions—and their cruelty to humanity.

Walther Funk remembers the indictments and verdicts of Nuremberg in his own special way, for whenever his wife leaves the main gate of Spandau after a visit, she is presented by the faithful Rechenberg with a second bunch of carnations from her husband. They are dark red—in memory of a future destroyed by the past. ★

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The Happiest Couple In Show Business

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

dancers Blanche first got the idea when she was seven years old.

"Nobody knows what made me do it," she says, "but I remember pestering my mother until finally she took me to a neighborhood teacher. She was sure I would get over it." But Blanche didn't get over it and when she was nine her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hedly Harris, had a conference in the living room of their modest home on Jones Avenue, Toronto. "It looks as though this is more than a craze," said Mrs. Harris uncertainly. "I suppose we should get her a good teacher." "I suppose we should," agreed Mr. Harris.

Blanche then began to take dancing lessons from Virginia Virge and to study piano, elocution and singing with Harold Rich, whose father trained Beatrice Lillie. Blanche's mother refused to allow her to rehearse on Sundays or wear short costumes until one day Rich tackled her. "If Blanche is going to get anywhere in this business she'll *have* to rehearse on Sunday," he declared. "What's more, she can't go on wearing costumes down to her knees."

"I knew it was over," Mrs. Harris recalls. "Blanche was going to be a dancer and there was nothing I could do to prevent it."

A similar struggle was taking place a few blocks away on Riverdale Avenue in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Lund. One day Mrs. Lund turned in exasperation to her eight-year-old son. "All right," she said. "Here's fifty cents. Take a dancing lesson and stop bothering me." He never bothered her again—and he never stopped dancing.

Alan and Blanche were eleven when they met. A musical show called Thumbs Up starring Eddie Dowling was about to open in Toronto and the producers announced that ten local dancers would be hired. Mrs. Harris with Blanche and Mrs. Lund with Alan were among some five thousand mothers and children who fought their way into the Royal Alexandra Theatre for trials. Alan and Blanche were selected. Two years later they met again at a semi-professional show in Sarnia. When Alan saw Blanche dance he knew he wanted her for a partner. "The instant he asked me I said yes," Blanche recalls.

Their first professional engagement was a one-night stand at the King Edward Hotel in Toronto—a date made for Alan before he acquired a partner. Loyally he telephoned William Hawkins, the banquet booking agent who had hired him. "I have a partner," he announced. "I never go anywhere without her." Instead of two dancers Hawkins found himself saddled with four parents, a dancing teacher, a pianist and two children so frightened their lips trembled. He never engaged them again.

Waldo Holden, manager of the old Silver Slipper in Toronto, had no objection to children or parents. He hired Blanche and Alan ("Not because we were good but because we were cheap," says Alan) to give two shows a night to a handful of indifferent patrons and handsomely provided a cot for Mr. Harris to sleep on while he waited to chauffeur the dancers home and a table for Mrs. Harris so she could supervise their homework between shows.

They were fifteen and through with school when they named themselves Lee and Sandra, took to wearing slinky costumes and involved their families in a domestic crisis. One June night in 1940 an Ottawa agent telephoned the Harris home inviting Lee and Sandra to appear for one week at the Glenlea Country Club. An out-of-town trip appalled their parents but they finally relented.

All members of both families escorted them to the train. "You'd think we were children," Alan, wearing his first fedora, complained bitterly. The club's manager, Ralph Maybee, had arranged to meet them in Ottawa. But when they arrived there was no sign of Maybee. The station emptied leaving only one man who approached them finally. "Surely you're not Lee and Sandra?" he said. His voice was limp, deflated. After an awkward silence he sighed. "Well, I suppose you might as well come along to the club."

Maybee's probity was suitably rewarded. Lee and Sandra were a sensation and at his insistence remained for three weeks. They might have stayed even longer but for the intervention of another agent who offered them a contract to appear at a Montreal night club.

Again their parents protested. After a series of family councils it was decided the children could go to the wicked city when Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Lund decided to go to Montreal too.

It was raining the night they arrived at the club where their children were performing and the entrance did not look inviting. Neither did one of the patrons who, at the moment of their arrival, landed sprawling on the sidewalk, helped on his drunken way by the vigorous boot of a muscle-bound bouncer. "Oh, Mrs. Harris," breathed Mrs. Lund. The manager, warned that the mothers of his dancers were arriving, was expansive and cordial. "Have a beer?" he shouted above the noise. "Oh, Mrs. Harris," breathed Mrs. Lund. Just then a fight broke out in one corner of the room and an empty bottle whizzed through the blue air. "Oh, Mrs. Harris," breathed Mrs. Lund. "Our poor children."

"You're quitting," announced Mrs. Harris when the show was over. She held up her hand to silence the protests. "Either you quit or we stay," she declared. The next morning, hand in hand, Blanche and Alan told the club's manager, "Our mothers have told us we have to quit." He roared with laughter. "Oh, well," he said, "in a year or so I won't be able to afford your act anyway."

In less than a year his prediction had come true. Blanche and Alan moved to more orderly surroundings and regular inspection trips convinced their mothers that the better Montreal night clubs wouldn't ruin their morals. There was a certain tight-lipped parental objection to the line, "We're eighteen," a line the sixteen-year-old dancers constantly plugged because a city bylaw prohibited the employment of cabaret entertainers under that age.

It was during this period that they began to develop their offbeat, individual style—an adaptation of classical ballet for the ballroom floor. One night they decided to try out some new routines on the customers at the Chez Maurice. Blanche discarded her shorts and tap shoes and glided onto the floor in a frothy white ballet dress with red bows in her hair. In this costume she looked about twelve. When she came off the manager was seething. "For God's sake get back into your tap routine," he fumed. "One more appearance in that get-up and the police will put me out of business."

The next time they tried to be original they were appearing at the Club Esquire where their routine was ordinarily a snappy rhumba. The manager had no taste for the classical *pas de deux*. "Get back into your rhumba," he ordered. "The customers don't like that fancy stuff and neither do I." "The trouble with you and your customers," said Blanche icily, "is you just don't appreciate art." At the end of the week Lee and Sandra were unemployed. "You must learn not to tell off the man who pays the salary," said Alan patiently.

They were nearly seventeen before they succeeded in selling their idea of ballet in a cabaret. On the night they became informally engaged the manager of the Samovar grudgingly allowed them to introduce a ballet number called Deep Purple. Much to his surprise the customers loved it. Mrs. Lund and Mrs. Harris, sipping festive glasses of ginger ale, exchanged looks of maternal satisfaction.

The formal engagement came nearly two years later after Alan and Blanche had enlisted in the RCNVR. Meet the Navy, which opened in Toronto in September 1943, demonstrated to a surprised Canada that a bright light of talent had been hiding under a bushel of national inferiority. Not the least of Meet the Navy's happy surprises were two eighteen-year-old dancers, Chief Petty Officers Blanche Harris and Alan Lund, who bought a wedding ring in Edmonton and were married in Toronto on May 13, 1944. The following October they sailed for Greenock, Scotland.

After a tour of the British Isles Meet the Navy opened at the Hippodrome Theatre in London in February 1945. The enormous theatre was packed for every performance of its twelve-week run. On opening night Noel Coward rushed backstage offering the Lunds star billing in his forthcoming musical comedy Sigh No More. But they could not be released from the navy. During that eventful evening Blanche and Alan held court in their dressing room for such celebrities as Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne and Lady Cavendish, who was Adele Astaire before her marriage. "You are the only dancers I have ever seen who are like Freddy and me," she said. The next day six leading London agents asked to represent them and among the almost fulsome notices in the newspapers was a suggestion by Beverley Baxter, critic of the Evening Standard, that "The Lunds be refused an exit visa if that is the only way to keep them in this country."

Before the run was over they had choreographed a leading musical comedy, Irene, for impresario Jack Hylton. They had been presented to the King and Queen and they had signed a contract to star in a musical comedy, High Time, in the summer of 1946 on the understanding that by then they would

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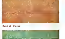

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In May 1945 after VE Day Meet the Navy played to troops in France and Brussels then in September moved to Oldenburg Germany. The journey was made in open trucks over bomb-scarred roads. On the way Blanche complained that she had a headache. During rehearsals at Oldenburg it was so severe she could scarcely see. Twice she stumbled because, she explained to Alan, the floor seemed to be tilting and coming up to hit her. During the performance she fell. Alan carried her to their dressing room. Before the doctor arrived she whispered incoherently about pains in her legs. The doctor took her away on a stretcher and that night he told Alan she had polio and might never walk again.

For several days she was delirious and in such agony that she could not endure the weight of a sheet on her legs. Then when her fever subsided and her legs no longer hurt because they were paralyzed, no one had the courage to tell her what was the matter. One morning she insisted. "Doctor I must know what is the matter with me," she said.

"You have polio," he replied.

"I thought it must be something like that," said Blanche. "Everybody looks so glum and you all wear masks when you come near me."

"Is that all you have to say?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," said Blanche. Then as an afterthought she reached out and patted the doctor's hand. "Don't worry doctor," she said. "I'll get better. You look after Alan."

The Lunds were more affecting in tragedy than in happiness. Nearly everybody in No. 16 Canadian General Hospital at Oldenburg was plunged into the gloom that enveloped the cast of Meet the Navy. A padre used to come each morning to pray at Blanche's bedside. Occasionally he mentioned the profusion of flowers placed in her room by anxious hospital orderlies. From time to time he remarked that the flowers looked familiar. One morning he said, "Would you please tell the boys I don't mind them stealing the flowers from my chapel but I wish they would return the vases."

In October, after Meet the Navy had been ordered back to London, Blanche was transferred to No. 22 Canadian General Hospital in the south of England where she made a quick initial recovery. In a few weeks she was speeding around the hospital corridors in a wheel chair and menacing the safety of the other patients. One day she asked the doctor when she could begin rehearsing her role for the film to be made in London of Meet the Navy. "If you are lucky and if you work hard you may be able to dance again," he said gravely. "But it will be a long, long time. You must learn to be patient." She wept and refused to listen when the doctor urged her to leave Alan and go home to Canada where she could get better treatment. But Alan convinced her that this was wise so she left London alone in December 1945. "We were going to miss our contract for High Time. The bottom seemed to have fallen out of everything," she said.

An Astonishing Recovery

At the DVA hospital in Toronto Blanche determinedly began an intensive physiotherapy program. For hours she lifted weights with her legs until they improved so that she could swim, ride a bicycle and walk interminably on a little treadmill. Alan had written from London to say that their contract with Moss Empires, the producers of High Time, had been extended for a later production. Blanche meant to be ready for it although nobody believed it possible. She had another ambition. Alan was due home and she was determined that when he first saw her she would be walking. Nobody expected her to make it but the day before he was due the doctor said she could stand up provided she wore flat-heeled shoes. She wore high heels on the stormy morning in February 1946 when Alan came home and as he stepped through the passengers' exit at Toronto's Union Station she took four small slow steps toward him.

This triumph was followed by three months of continuous exercise and in June the doctor said she could dance for five minutes a day. By September against everybody's advice the Lunds were on their way to London to star in Piccadilly Hayride with the late British comedian Sid Field. When they left Toronto Blanche was dancing for half an hour a day. In London she began rehearsing for five hours a day and just before the show opened she stepped it up to eight. "Even though we devised steps to make it easy for her she cried every night after rehearsals," said Alan. "I had to force myself to rehearse," said Blanche. "If Piccadilly Hayride was a failure I was afraid we would be finished as a dance team."

Piccadilly Hayride was a resounding success and the critics again rhapsodized over the Lunds. Jack Hylton asked them to do the choreography for another of his musical productions, Together Again, starring Britain's beloved Crazy Gang.

When Piccadilly Hayride closed after a seventeen-months run the Lunds came home for a rest. In their language this means no work—just eight hours a day practicing. They then proceeded to acquire an American reputation by dancing in leading cabarets in the United States from New York to San Francisco and from Minneapolis to New Orleans. When they appeared at the Coconut Grove in Hollywood a representative of RKO studios offered them a one-picture contract. They turned it down because they had already promised to go back to London.

Their third London appearance was in Fancy Free starring British comedian Tommy Trinder. Of this the News-Chronicle said, "So far as I am concerned the show should be called Footloose and Fancy Free in honor of the Lunds for it begins when they romp on stage and ends when they leave." One night toward the end of this show's nine-months run Blanche twisted her foot. During the intermission she asked the stage doctor if she could finish the show. "Yes, if you can stand the pain," he said. "But tomorrow you must have it X-rayed." The X-ray revealed that her foot was broken in three places.

"Blanche never gets trivial ailments," said Alan, who danced the last seven weeks with a strange partner. It was the first time he had danced with another girl in thirteen years.

Fear of illness is one worry Blanche and Alan share with all dance teams. The staggering cost of dressing the show for the road is another. Dancers at the top are usually paid about one thousand dollars a week but all those glittering notes are not gold in the bank. At the end of a U.S. tour in 1950 their income-tax accountant shook his head sadly over their statement of profit and loss. "It hardly seems worth it," he said.

For a tour of widely dispersed cities they must pay their own traveling expenses and their own living costs—usually in the expensive hotel where their act is booked. They prepare a program of eight numbers and for each of these Blanche must have an elaborate gown costing about five hundred dollars. Each gown has matching panties at five dollars a pair, matching shoes at fifteen dollars a pair and laced dresses at about two dollars. Her wardrobe also contains one extra pair of shoes and four pair of elastic opera hose at six fifty a pair. Alan needs two evening suits at one hundred and fifty dollars each. The gowns must be dry cleaned every two weeks at a cost of three fifty in Toronto or seven fifty in New York plus air express charges to the experts in either of these cities. Before a tour is over replacements may be necessary. Alan often wears out the knees of his trousers sliding on the floor.

The problem of raising a family is one the Lunds share with very few dance teams. And thanks to Mrs. Harris their son Brian is not exactly a problem. Ever since Alan married Blanche "home" has been with her parents and that's the way he intends to keep it. Two years ago the two families built a joint house in suburban Toronto. Last summer the Lunds took Brian and Mr. and Mrs. Harris with them when they went to England but like most entertainers who are not quite sure where they'll unload their trunks next season, they're not certain what the future holds. Right now they'd like to spend six months in Canada and six months abroad. But that will depend on how successful future shows may be. Blanche feels the life would be a good one for Brian.

"He might as well learn to like the smell of grease paint and cleaning fluid," she says. Alan concurs. "It's not every young man," he grins, "who gets rocked to sleep by a girl in six fifty elastic stockings." ★

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BASIC ROLL DOUGH

Scald
1 cup milk
5 tablespoons granulated sugar
2½ teaspoons salt
4 tablespoons shortening
Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a large bowl
½ cup lukewarm water
1 teaspoon granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of
1 envelope Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast
Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well, stir in cooled milk mixture and
½ cup lukewarm water
Stir in
3 cups once-sifted bread flour
and beat until smooth and elastic; work in
3 cups more (about) once-sifted bread flour
Turn out on lightly floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 4 equal portions and finish as follows:

1. PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board to ¼-inch thickness. Cut into rounds with 3-inch cutter. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Crease each round deeply with dull side of knife, a little to one side of centre; fold larger half over smaller half and press along the fold. Place, just touching each other, on greased cookie sheet. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 8 rolls.

2. CLOVER LEAF ROLLS

Cut one portion of dough into 8 equal-sized pieces; cut each piece into 3 little pieces. Shape each little piece of dough into a ball and brush with melted butter or margarine. Arrange 3 balls in each greased muffin pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 8 rolls.

3. FAN TANS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a rectangle about ⅛-inch thick. Loosen dough, cover and let rest 5 minutes. Brush dough with melted butter or margarine and cut into strips 1½ inches wide. Pile 7 strips one upon the other and cut into 1½-inch lengths. Place each piece, cut side up, in a greased muffin pan; separate the slices a little at the top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 8 rolls.

4. CRESCENT ROLLS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a 14-inch round; brush with melted butter or margarine and cut into 12 pie-shaped wedges. Roll up each wedge of dough, beginning at the outside and rolling toward the point. Arrange, well apart, on greased cookie sheet; bend each roll into a crescent shape. Brush with melted butter or margarine and sprinkle with salt. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 12 rolls.

A Coal Town Fights For Its Life

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Although the days ahead seem dark and uncertain for scores of miners it's unlikely they'll be as bad as they were in 1925 when Glace Bay was a feudal company town. Virtually all housing was owned by the British Empire Steel and Coal Corporation, since reorganized as Dosco. Its houses were poor, even squalid. The miners were "encouraged" to buy their groceries, clothing and furniture—on credit—at the company's "Pluck-me" stores. Most of them did, and they were constantly in debt. Many believed, rightly or wrongly, that the company had contrived to keep them broke. Moreover, the company was directed in Montreal by what the miners regarded as unbending men to whom mine deaths and injuries were statistics for the annual report.

Early in 1925 the miners demanded a ten percent increase in pay. The company replied that a ten percent cut was planned. Both sides used the same argument: times were tough. On March 2, after conciliation efforts failed, the company suddenly announced it was cutting off all credit in its stores. The miners were furious and a union official warned that they might take matters into their own hands. Four days later twelve thousand miners in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick laid down their picks and one of the worst strikes in Canadian history began, with Glace Bay its centre.

After three months they were still idle and by June hundreds of families were hungry and women and children fell ill. Suddenly all the pent-up bitterness of the past burst forth violently. Riots broke out. Miners with sticks and stones clashed with armed company guards and provincial police. In one skirmish forty men were injured and one striker, William Davis, was shot and killed. Riots spread to New Aberdeen, an outlying section of The Bay. Police were dragged from their horses and beaten. In and around Glace Bay the company stores were looted in midnight raids by mobs of up to a thousand men. Then they were burned to the ground.

William Davis, the obscure miner who was killed, was buried with the largest funeral in Cape Breton's history, attended by five thousand silent men. A statue was erected in Davis' honor and he became regarded as the "martyr of the miners." The anniversary of his death is still kept as a contract holiday in honor of all dead miners.

Soldiers arrived in Cape Breton from Toronto and Glace Bay passed from mob rule to martial law. Ringed with barbed wire, the mines stayed idle until early August, when the strike ended with both sides agreeing to hold the wage level where it was. It had cost 1,478,700 man days of work—eighty-four percent of the total time lost by Canadian industry in 1925.

Out of such terrible times has come the pride of Glace Bay which rankles under the gibes cast by the rest of Canada at its shabby exterior. In the late Thirties merchants on Main and Commercial Streets were miffed to discover that most of the traveling salesmen weren't stopping overnight in The Bay but in Sydney, twelve miles away. So they got together, raised one hundred thousand dollars and built the community-owned, twenty-five-room Glace Bay Hotel. After that a traveler who didn't patronize it couldn't sell a diamond for a dollar.

In the same period, Sydney built Cape Breton's first artificial ice rink. Glace Bay promptly took up a collection—ten dollars a share—and built the Miners' Forum, "the biggest and best in Cape Breton." The rink has never paid back the loans and no one has ever complained.

Hockey in The Bay is both an industry and a madness. Keeping the Miners in the four-team Maritime Major Hockey League costs Glace Bay anywhere from a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars (three seasons ago) to eighty thousand, which it paid last year. With a rink that seats only three thousand people it can't hope to meet expenses from gate receipts. Off-season pools and lotteries make up the deficits. Some players draw as much as two hundred dollars a week, twice what they might command in less passionate leagues. Glace Bay fans don't care. They'll do anything to win.

Glace Bay's pride reflects itself in other ways. Most towns are as anxious to be designated as cities as an eleven-year-old boy is to get his first pair of long pants. Not The Bay. It was for years, until the 1951 census, the biggest town in Canada. Once in the Thirties and once in the Forties the people voted to remain a town just because they enjoyed the distinction. The 1951 census showed The Bay's population to be slightly in excess of twenty-five thousand five hundred, a trifle under the population of Timmins, another overgrown mining town. Nevertheless Glace Bay's slogan is still "The Biggest Town in Canada."

Nostalgia At Senator's Corner

The Bay is actually a collection of small communities—Bridgeport, New Aberdeen, Caledonia, Passchendaele, McKay's Corner and The Hub—that grew up around mine entrances. The town's area covers sixty-four hundred acres, half as big again as Halifax, which has four times The Bay's population and many times its wealth. Most of the streets are unpaved, alternately rutty or muddy, because the town is so sprawling that it cannot afford the luxury of asphalt streets and concrete sidewalks.

The heart of its six communities is Senator's Corner, the T-shaped intersection of Main and Commercial Streets. Years ago Senator's Corner was noted less as a business hub than as a place for fighting. It accommodated some of the most monumental brawls in Cape Breton's history. In Each Man's Son, a novel about Glace Bay, native son Hugh MacLennan describes how shouting miners would pour out into the Corner from adjacent saloons and begin clouting one another while a Salvation Army band tried to make itself heard. Elsewhere MacLennan cited the tale of a miner who called on a colliery doctor at three o'clock one Sunday morning. "It is a shame to be waking you out of your bed," he said softly, "but I must ask your help for the gentleman I was fighting has just bitten off the end of my nose."

The Corner is still a favorite meeting place and no one in The Bay is ever too busy to stop there and talk awhile with Big Cy MacDonald, a big man in his sixties with a red cheery face, a cigar and a bagful of stories. Aside from odd jobs, his chief occupation is hanging around Senator's Corner spreading the folklore of Cape Breton. His favorite topic is Glace Bay. "Byes," he declares, flicking the ash from his cigar, "I've been everywhere. And let me tell you, byes, as one of God's chosen people—a MacDonald—there's not a place in this world can touch The Bay."

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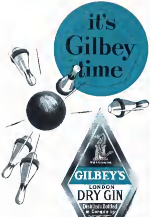

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God, I wish I had been born good-looking instead of rich

chosen people in Glace Bay. "Being a MacDonald here," a MacDonald once said, "is the next thing to being anonymous." The number of common Christian names further complicates matters. For instance, in the Glace Bay telephone book, which lists four thousand names, there are twenty-seven John MacDonalds, seven of them John J. There are thirteen Dan MacDonalds, four of them Dan A. Nicknames solve the problem. Everyone knows the mayor as Danny the Baker and a namesake on his council as Danny Scadan (Gaelic for herring). Heavy duplication among the other clans, the hundreds of McIntyres, MacNeils, Camerons and MacIsaacs, results in such sobriquets as Donald the Boo, Randy the Bear, Potato Dan and his son Jack Spud, Little Rory the Fisherman and Father Danny Kink MacDonald. Years ago a Glace Bay miner found in his pay envelope after the checkoff two cents; his descendants are still known as the Bigpays. Other names from the past are Money Mick, Mukus Ironsides, Hector the Itch and Stinking Annie.

Almost all of Glace Bay's working men hold cards in District 26 of the United Mine Workers of America which is ruled firmly by Freeman Jenkins, a forty-one-year-old ex-miner who gets thirteen thousand dollars a year for running the district. There are seven UMW locals in the Glace Bay area, all hotbeds of parliamentary debate where you can get an argument on the time of day.

This rugged school of debate prepared Clarie Gillis, a stocky lantern-jawed miner, for the House of Commons to which he was elected in 1940. He is there yet as the CCF member for Cape Breton South. When Gillis, a pit boy at thirteen and a striker at fourteen, was first elected, his friends gave him a shovel, the last he used as a miner. "Hang that up in the office," one man told him. "Any time your job seems discouraging remember it can never be as bad as No. 2 colliery." In 1938 District 26 was the first labor union in Canada to align with the CCF. Four years later it started Canada's first labor daily newspaper. The Glace Bay Gazette championed the miners' cause for six years, lost a hundred and thirty-one thousand dollars and was sold. For awhile it was continued as a weekly, then it folded.

As in most union towns, Glace Bay's miners have the checkoff, the system whereby such items as union dues, hospital and doctor bills, unemployment insurance and income taxes are lopped off their pay before they get it. Church collections and even town taxes come from the checkoff.

In 1720 French soldiers gave Glace Bay its name, in tribute to the ice that covered it in winter. After the French were driven from Louisbourg and the island passed into British hands, it remained almost vacant until the early 1780s when a tide of Scottish Highlanders swept across the sea to New Scotland. They became farmers, fishermen and, later, miners.

A Great Future Loomed

Cape Breton's coal industry was too competitive to be profitable until it came under the hand of Henry Whitney, a bewhiskered Boston financier. In 1893 Whitney bought out many of the small independent mining outfits and shaped them into the Dominion Coal Company. He boasted that his mines could yield three million tons of coal a year for a thousand years. The lure of such long-term employment brought hundreds of Cape Bretoners flocking to Glace Bay. The town wasn't ready for the rush. Every day scores of men trooped into town from all over the island, from Newfoundland and even Europe. Eighteen vast boarding houses were hammered up to shelter fourteen hundred men, two to a bed. They weren't enough. Hundreds more lived in crude squatters' shacks, flung together with wood, cardboard and tin. Nine men kept house in an abandoned railway baggage car. The mines, working full tilt twenty-four hours a day, cast a pall of grime over The Bay that it has never been able to erase. But dirty as it was, The Bay became a roisterous, exciting mining town, alive with ambitions of becoming a great industrial city.

Glace Bay's growing pains were compounded by labor troubles. As early as 1870 the miners of Cape Breton were organized by the Provincial Workmen's Association, one of Canada's first labor unions. In 1906 the United Mine Workers of America, then spreading through United States coal fields,

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moved in and tried to seize power from the PWA which had become in effect a 'company union.' Determined to crush the UMW, the coal companies imported labor detectives to join the new union and spy on it. One was a man named Beale.

Working in the pits attending secret meetings Beale found out and reported the names of UMW organizers. Promptly fired, driven from their homes and blacklisted from all mines on the island they had to move away. Clarie Gillis, Glace Bay's coal miner MP, was a boy of ten when his family was evicted because his father was a union organizer. They lived in church basements and a tent for the winter.

At a UMW strike meeting in Glace Bay in 1909 Beale himself was unmasked. When a group of men moved toward him, hatred in their eyes, Beale yanked out a revolver.

"Keep away!" he screamed. "She's loaded!" The miners kept coming. The informer opened fire shouting, "I told you she was loaded!" He killed two men and wounded two more. A judge acquitted him on grounds of self defense. After his trial Beale moved to western Canada, changed his name and sent taunting letters back to acquaintances in Glace Bay.

Until 1925 relations between the miners and the company grew steadily worse and were climaxed by the terrible strike that year. But however tragic that strike was it marked a turning point in Glace Bay's history. From it developed a pattern of better pay and better labor relations. For one thing the coal company broke from its tradition of absentee management and began choosing officials who had worked in the mines themselves and understood the peculiar problems of miners. Today Harold Gordon, a one-time pit boy from Glace Bay, is its general manager.

The miners too did a lot to improve things. Under the guidance of the Extension Department of St. Francis Xavier University at Antigonish, N.S., many of them formed co-operative stores and credit unions—co-op banks—which gave them some sense of independence and more value for their money. A few even built their houses co-operatively. From People's Schools, also conducted by priests from St. FX, emerged a new kind of labor leaders who used reason, not emotion, in their locals and around the bargaining table. Small beefs which previously had flared into big issues were settled quickly, reducing strikes and walkouts by seventy percent.

A good example of the new order that developed in the miners' union is its president, Freeman Jenkins, the short stocky son of a Glace Bay coal miner. In 1947 he kept his men on strike for a hundred days to win, without any violence and a minimum of name-calling, a seven-dollar-a-week raise. A few years later when fifteen hundred miners in New Waterford staged a wildcat walkout he threatened to expel them unless they went back to work. They went back.

But by 1951 ominous warnings were coming from the Dominion Coal Company's offices in Sydney: unless more coal was produced in Cape Breton some of the mines would have to be closed. That is why. During World War II when coal was as vital to the war effort as gold, Ottawa subsidized the Maritime mines heavily, saying in effect, "Give us coal—at any cost." The coal was produced but the cost was economic efficiency. Production a man shift in 1939 had been 2.7 tons. By 1945 it was down to 1.6 tons.

When the war ended so did the honeymoon. The mines once more had to compete for markets and the markets were shrinking with the expanding popularity of cheap hydro-electric power, oil and gas. Production costs had gone up. Making the outlook even darker was the fact that where coal could be sold in large quantities—in Ontario and Quebec—cheap American coal was underselling the Canadian product. American coal was—and still is—used to heat even the parliament buildings in Ottawa. The Cape Breton mines then had to produce more coal than ever before and at less cost, or become part of the island's folklore.

Early last year Glace Bay began to feel again the pinch of unemployment. One of its mines, Dominion No. 24, petered out of coal and was shut down. Half of its miners were relocated to work in the town's largest mine, No. 1B. The others were out of luck. Then on June 13 No. 1B was closed temporarily while modern coal-digging machinery was installed. More than twelve hundred men were thrown out of work. Glace Bay responded characteristically by passing the hat. Soon miners who had jobs began chipping in to help those who hadn't. Merchants carried old customers on credit. Out of these spontaneous efforts grew the Miners' Assistance Committee which collected six thousand dollars and doled it out weekly to the neediest cases.

The Ledgers Grew Red

By December The Bay still had eleven hundred idle men. The loss of checkoff money had reduced one hospital's revenue by eleven hundred dollars a week, putting it in the red. The same was true of churches. The town hall was twenty-two thousand dollars behind in tax collections, six thousand on light bills and three thousand for water. Its budget of forty-two thousand six hundred dollars for welfare work had long been exhausted. Moreover, the merchants who carried idle miners on credit had been forced to put up "Cash Only" signs or lay off some of their own employees.

But the miners hung on, helped greatly by donations to the Miners' Assistance Committee, and today things are slowly beginning to look up for The Bay. Half of the eleven hundred men who were thrown out of work when No. 1B closed have since returned to the big pit, to work with the twenty-ton mechanical monsters.

When a miner complained recently that mechanization of the mines is going to mean fewer underground jobs, Freeman Jenkins replied: "All right, suppose we throw away our pan shovels and all use spoons. Then there'll be work for ten times as many men. But nobody will make any money and the industry will die. It's far better to have a stable industry employing nine thousand than a sick one employing twelve."

There are signs that the company and the union are tackling their problem together. Last fall one of Glace Bay's locals drew up a list of suggestions for Dominion Coal Company on how to boost production. And a few months ago miners all over the Maritimes agreed not to make any more money demands on their companies for two years.

Thus in Glace Bay today the miners who worked and fought together in the past are facing their greatest test. They are trying to save their livelihood and the town they'd all hate to leave.

Mayor MacDonald, among others, is sure they'll succeed. "These men who can work miles under the ground, way out under the ocean," he says, "—they've got something besides coal on their faces. They'll pull The Bay through." ★

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The Pulse of French Canada

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

But some doctors cling to traditions obtaining in France where medical advertising is not taboo.

Nine out of ten French-speaking Montrealers read La Presse—its daily circulation is more than a quarter of a million. Throughout the rural areas of the upper St. Lawrence it is passed around an average of four families before it is used for lighting the Quebec heater. La Presse has French Canadian subscribers in the Maritimes, Ontario and the prairies and every evening a special edition of six thousand is dispatched to Franco-Americans in the New England States. Nearer home, La Presse so reflects the French Canadian outlook that many politicians regard it as the eyes, the ears, the voice and the mind of French Canada.

In Canadian politics the paper has always supported the Liberal Party. But its editorials are explanatory rather than polemical and their tone is mild. During World War I La Presse opposed conscription. In World War II its conscription policy was neutral. Two years ago the paper was largely responsible for persuading the government to establish at St. Jean, Que., a new bilingual military college to increase the number of French Canadian officers. In recent months La Presse has reiterated its support of the movement for a distinctive Canadian flag and pressed the importance of a Quebec royal commission which is weighing the validity of widespread

If YOU were a different kind of person there would be no "Buy-out-of-income" plans

It is because you . . . Mr., Mrs. or Miss Average Canadian . . . are dependable and honest . . . able to manage your personal finances sensibly and carefully . . . that Canadians have the benefits of instalment buying.

"Buy-out-of-income" plans could not operate unless you and everyone else who takes advantage of them accepted the responsibility of meeting obligations . . . come what may. BECAUSE you are that kind of person, Canadians enjoy the benefits of mass production . . . better goods at lower cost . . . to the full. The reason is that one of the main elements in the constant flow of products from manufacturer to consumer is sensible instalment buying . . . the means whereby people are able to enjoy the necessary conveniences of life while paying for them systematically out-of-income.

This four-sided partnership . . . your moral integrity . . . "Buy-out-of-income" plans . . . mass consumption . . . mass production are working together to provide the standard of living and essential comforts of life that make our country the solid and progressive land that it is.

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enjoy STAINLESS STEEL COOKING in gleaming Ekcoware with thick copper bottoms

Cooking is better in stainless steel Ekcoware with thick copper bottoms that save fuel by spreading heat faster and more evenly. Only Ekcoware has self-basting, self-storing lids. You buy a lifetime of elegance and utility in Ekcoware. Sold in hardware, department, gift and appliance stores all over Canada. Saucepans as low as $5.50.

Ekcoware STARTER SET IN NEW "CARRYALL" GIFT CASE

Includes: 7" Skillet, 2 Qt. Saucepan with self-basting cover interchangeable on skillet, 1 Qt. Saucepan with cover and handsome wall rack. In beautiful "CARRYALL" gift case—$22.95

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EKCO greatest name in housewares

Lids nest inside utensils for easy storage

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ANNOUNCING

An Essay Contest for Canadian High School Students

An essay contest based on Thomas B. Costain's bloody and dramatic story of early Canada "THE WHITE AND THE GOLD" will be sponsored by Maclean's Magazine.

This epic narrative will be proudly published by Maclean's in a series of 15 chapters, commencing with this issue.

Full details of this contest will be announced in the next issue of Maclean's and posters outlining the contest will be mailed to all Canadian high schools.

claims that certain federal taxes weaken the province's ability to preserve its culture.

The driving force behind La Presse is Hervé Major, a tall pink-cheeked soft-spoken man in his fifties who works long hours under a green eye shade. In the Twenties when the paper was under fire from the Catholic Church for its gaudy reporting, Major gradually changed its character without sapping its enterprise. After thirty years with La Presse he still ranks as city editor but assumes the responsibilities of managing editor, news editor, features editor and even photo editor. His name is listed in the telephone book below that of the La Presse editorial department and off duty he is beset by callers at all hours of the night tipping him off on stories.

In 1950 Major was president of the Canadian Press and helped establish a French-language teletype news service. He was influential in getting La Presse's directors to recognize the Syndicat des Journalistes, a union which gave reporters of five years' experience a minimum of seventy-two dollars a week. Most La Presse men receive more.

On the paper Major takes the big press association news and then adds Gallic flavor with dispatches from the French news agency France Presse. La Presse, which is the biggest French newspaper outside of France, carries more news from France than any paper in North America.

Major's first lieutenant is the lively Romeo Le Blanc, who assigns reporters from the city desk and delivers a daily news summary over La Presse's radio station CKAC.

Eugene Lamarche, the elderly editor-in-chief, is usually described as "the hyphen between the owners and the editorial staff." This brings him into contact with the heirs of Trefflé Berthiaume, a poor printer who founded the paper seventy years ago. La Compagnie de Publication de La Presse is a family concern whose annual profits are not published. They are reputedly high. Although the paper's building on St. James Street is old-fashioned and some of the printing machinery has been running for more than forty years the owners recently refused a purchase offer of twenty million dollars.

Founder Berthiaume was a stocky man with a thick mane of hair and a beard. He was born in 1848 in the Quebec village of St. Hugues and at the age of twelve he was working in a print shop. In 1884, when he was thirty-six, he became foreman printer of a new Montreal paper called Le Nouveau Monde. Its finances were shaky and soon after its founding it was bought by Sir Adolphe Chapleau who had been Secretary of State in the cabinet of Sir John A. Macdonald. Associated with Chapleau was Arthur (Boss) Dansereau, a noted journalist who was an adviser to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. But neither Chapleau nor Dansereau could make Le Nouveau Monde pay. Trefflé Berthiaume, who was the printers' spokesman, encouraged them to hang on in the conviction the paper could find its feet.

Chapleau was touched by Berthiaume's loyalty. In 1889, when Le Nouveau Monde was still in the red, Chapleau made a gift of the paper to Berthiaume on condition the latter accept responsibility for its debts. Berthiaume jumped at the chance. He had been studying new techniques of popular journalism then developing in England and the United States and he decided to try them out himself. He changed the paper's name to La Presse.

News and opinion were separated. Sports and entertainment took space previously occupied by political diatribes. Alongside world news of importance there were stories of crime and punishment, of disaster and rescue, of infidelity and retribution. To the amazement of rival editors still printing the rhetorical diapasons of their favorite politicians, La Presse reared up among them like a giant Pied Piper and lured most of their readers away.

In 1900 the editors of La Presse moved into a new building on St. James Street. Every night for the first twenty years of his presidency Trefflé Berthiaume stood at the bottom of the stairs and as the staff departed for home shook each by the hand and thanked him.

Boss Dansereau, who constantly had the ear of Laurier, continued to direct the paper's pro-Liberal policy and opened doors to many political scoops. On the news side were some of the most colorful characters who ever set pen to paper. The city editor was Auguste Marion, an eccentric bachelor who scorned overshoes and, in winter, wrapped his feet in a thick swath of old blueprints. And he fizzed with ideas.

When an Italian-Canadian was sentenced to death for murder Marion printed a huge picture of the prospective widow and her wide-eyed infant daughter holding out their arms in a pose of heart-rending supplication. The minister of justice commuted the sentence to life imprisonment.

Pulled Strings Did The Job

A keen young reporter on the staff was Léon Trepanier, today the venerable and sprightly secretary of the Health League of Canada. Marion sent Trepanier to get a death-cell interview with a murderer in Ontario. Provincial law barred such proceedings but Trepanier got into the death cell by posing as a lawyer.

Next day the Ontario attorney-general was so furious he revoked Trepanier's permit to witness the execution. Through Boss Dansereau, Trepanier pulled a string to Laurier and on the fateful day had a front-row seat below the gallows, attorney-general or no attorney-general.

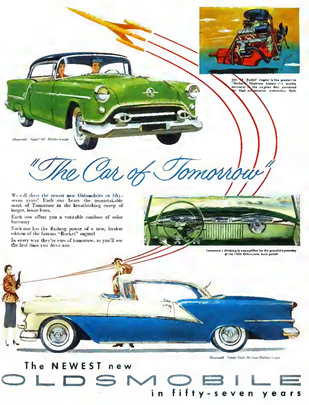
In March 1901 Marion had a theory which La Presse has espoused ever since—that the St. Lawrence below Quebec City is navigable all the year round. Volunteers were raised to man a ship rechristened La Presse. Aboard was the news editor Lorenzo Prince. As the ship sailed La Presse came out with a special edition headlined

MAY GOD PROTECT THEM

The ship bashed its way through the ice to the Atlantic and returned six weeks later. Even though many thought the point might have been better proven by a voyage in January or February there were triumphant scenes.

During the same year Le Matin of Paris issued a challenge to take on all comers in a race round the world. Marion was first to pick up the glove. Others who entered the lists were Le Journal of Paris, the Chicago American, the New York Journal and the San Francisco Examiner. Marion went on the trip himself, taking as his running mate Lorenzo Prince. The journey was via Europe, Asia and the Pacific and the competitors were limited to the use of orthodox commercial transport. At Heek in Manchuria Marion had trouble with his passport and was flung into jail. Prince arrived back at Montreal's Windsor Station in sixty-six days to be met by cheering crowds.

The Chicago American reporter completed his trip in sixty days but was disqualified because at two points he hired a special train and chartered a boat. La Presse was declared the winner. Prince was entertained by the City



The '54 "Rocket" engine is the greatest in "Rocket's" illustrious history—a worthy successor to the engines that pioneered the high-compression automotive field.

Illustrated—"Super '88" Holiday Coupe

"The Car of Tomorrow"

We call them the *newest* new Oldsmobiles in fifty-seven years! Each one bears the unmistakable mark of Tomorrow in the breathtaking sweep of longer, lower lines.

Each one offers you a veritable rainbow of color harmony.

Each one has the flashing power of a new, livelier edition of the famous "Rocket" engine!

In every way they're cars of tomorrow, as you'll see the first time you drive one.

Tomorrow's thinking is exemplified by the graceful symmetry of the 1954 Oldsmobile dash panel!

Illustrated—Ninety-Eight De Luxe Holiday Coupe

The NEWEST new OLDSMOBILE in fifty-seven years

BELIEVE ME, I'M SOLD!

ON *Red Cap* THE ALE WITH

$100,000 FLAVOUR SECRET

That $100,000 Flavour Secret gives me exactly the enjoyment I look for in an ale, and after the first sip you too will know why Carling's GUARANTEES that Red Cap is the finest ale you've ever tasted.

CARLING'S MONEY-BACK OFFER

Try a bottle of Red Cap. If you aren't completely satisfied that it's the finest send in the bottle label to the Carling Breweries Limited, Montreal, Que., and your money will be refunded.

CARLING'S

Red Cap Ale

RC 4-54

MELCHERS

There is no substitute for Quality

REAL RYES	**Aristocrat**	**8 years old**
	Anniversary	**5 years old**
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	Special Reserve	**3 years old**
DRY GINS	**Garrison Club** (The Luxury Gin)	
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Real Ryes AND QUALITY BRANDS

Coast to Coast

Council and the Chamber of Commerce La Presse printed readers' poems in his praise. A month later Marion turned up shaggy, broke and furious at having missed the celebrations. He began to drive his reporters harder than ever.

Star among them was Septime Laferrière, a human gimlet of a newsman, a Bohemian of the old school and, by Catholic standards, a heretic. He delighted in embarrassing priests on the public street by kneeling before them, placing their hands on his head and solemnly demanding their benediction.

On his way to work early one winter morning Laferrière found a corpse in a back alley. Nonchalantly he dragged it through the snow and into the newsroom. Then he went through its pockets and in a story announced its identity. Then he called the police and ordered them to take the body away.

Laferrière also stole a bloodstained axe from the scene of a murder near Ottawa. With police hot on his heels he succeeded in getting it to the office in time for photographing before it was wrested back by the law and carried off as Exhibit A.

Consulting his muse for a new angle to a death-cell story Laferrière was inspired to buy a violin at a pawnshop and hurry with it to a prison on the eve of an execution. There the murderer, who had never played a violin, obliged with a valiant attempt at Handel's Largo while Laferrière's photographer shot soulful pictures.

Laferrière got his biggest story in 1904 when, according to La Presse veterans, he deliberately provoked a mutiny at sea. He was covering the voyage from Bremen to Quebec City of the polar exploration ship Gauss which had been sold by Germany to the Canadian government. Her master was J. E. Bernier, the celebrated French-Canadian explorer. Bernier was a martinet and the crew smarted under his discipline. Laferrière dined with Bernier every night but sided secretly with the crew. At every opportunity he inflamed their grievances with snatches of conversation from the captain's table and imaginative descriptions of the delicacies upon it. In mid-ocean Laferrière gleefully watched the crew rise in open mutiny. On reaching Quebec City he wrote a series of sensational articles in which he pictured Bernier as a modern Captain Bligh. This precipitated a prolonged row in the House of Commons which La Presse played up in headlines and embellished with Laferrière's backlog of inside information.

In those days rival newspapers could never understand how La Presse was able to grab so many photographs of people killed and injured in disasters. La Presse editors themselves attributed their success to a bonus paid to reporters for each picture they could borrow from stricken relatives.

After a disastrous fire in which more than a score of people died a reporter called Marcel Bernard produced a picture for every casualty and pocketed a fat reward. For days afterward, however, La Presse received phone calls from subjects of the portraits. When confronted Bernard admitted his pictures were of his own relatives lifted from an old family album. The editors knew better than to ask for the bonus money back. Some of them had helped Bernard dispose of it at the nearest tavern.

Ernest Tremblay was another vivid character at La Presse. Once when Henri Bourassa was attacking La Presse in the streets for what he called its yellow journalism Tremblay set up a rival soapbox nearby. His stentorian voice and outrageous language, his waving arms and flying mane drew crowds away from Bourassa. Although Tremblay had never been introduced to Bourassa he referred to him as "my old friend Henri" and indicated with gestures toward his skull that the nationalist leader was slightly wacky.

Tremblay once had thousands of Montrealers making a pilgrimage to a small house in the suburbs where, he swore, he had seen a miracle. At certain times, he said, a crucifix on a wall was bathed in glorious light. The plodding La Patrie discovered that the crucifix had been dipped by somebody—hinting darkly at Tremblay—in phosphorus.

In 1904 Trefflé Berthiaume suddenly and inexplicably sold La Presse. The official announcement said it had been bought by Hugh Graham, later Lord Atholstan, publisher of the Montreal Star and Sir Roger Forget. Later it transpired that a controlling interest had been acquired by Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann, the rail-

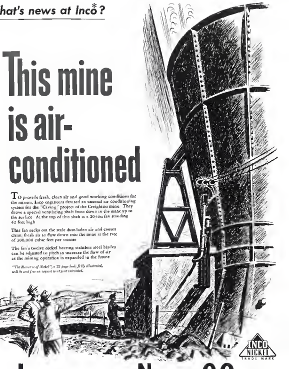
MACLEAN'S

road pioneers who were Toronto Tories. There was an outcry among Liberals who said the deal was part of a Tory plot to unseat the Laurier government.

Mackenzie and Mann had persuaded Berthiaume to sell after a good dinner at the Windsor Hotel. Next day Berthiaume regretted his act and tried to buy back his paper. But he was stalled.

If La Presse under its new owners had turned Tory it might have had a profound effect on the elections of 1904. But to the astonishment of many it remained Liberal and the Laurier government was re-elected. Laurier summoned Mackenzie and Mann to Ottawa. What occurred at the interview none but the participants ever knew. But soon afterward Mackenzie and Mann sold La Presse back to Berthiaume. For years after they received from the Liberal government a large volume of subsidies and guarantees which enabled them to stretch their Canadian Northern Railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific and to form a major part of what is today the Canadian National Railways.

Throughout the years before World War I Berthiaume used La Presse as an instrument for reform. He campaigned successfully for the institution of employment exchanges, night schools, children's aid societies, a house of refuge for the destitute and for the recognition of trade unionism. In 1912 he was campaigning for better roads to attract profitable tourist traffic from the United States. At a cost of thirty thousand dollars out of its own funds La Presse paved the first ten miles of a new highway in the direction of the border. This shamed the provincial



What's news at Inco?

This mine is air-conditioned

To provide fresh, clean air and good working conditions for the miners, Inco engineers devised an unusual air conditioning system for the "Caving" project of the Creighton mine. They drove a special ventilating shaft from down in the mine up to the surface. At the top of this shaft is a 20-ton fan standing 42 feet high.

This fan sucks out the stale dust-laden air and causes clean, fresh air to flow down into the mine at the rate of 300,000 cubic feet per minute.

The fan's twelve nickel bearing stainless steel blades can be adjusted in pitch to increase the flow of air as the mining operation is expanded in the future.

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the girl
you used
to be...

what would she think
of you today?

She looks out at the world through older, wiser eyes ... that girl who once was you. Would she approve the way you look at things, or would she miss the fresh enthusiasm that was so much a part of her make-up? Ask yourself the question she would ask. Do you still have a "young" viewpoint?

Part of feeling young is a willingness to accept new ideas. Perhaps that's why so many young people have turned to the new idea in sanitary protection: Tampax*. Because Tampax is worn internally, it avoids many of the discomforts of those days—chafing, irritation, the whole bulky belt-pin-pad harness, and *odor*.

Doctor-invented Tampax is so comfortable the wearer can't even feel its presence. It's easy to dispose of. Can be worn in shower or tub. The Tampax package never betrays your secret. In fact, it's so small a month's supply slips into purse. Get your choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) at any drug or notion counter. Canadian Tampax Corporation, Limited, Brampton, Ontario.

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government into completing the task and road improvements followed on a huge scale.

Another stunt was a fight between Louis Cyr, a French Canadian rated as the strongest man in the world, and a freak eight feet tall known as Giant Beaupré. Nearly a hundred thousand people turned out to watch. In a mixture of boxing and wrestling the contestants became so exhausted that it was impossible to determine the winner.

One of La Presse's last adventures in sensational journalism centred on the Delorme case in 1922. Three times the Abbé Alfred Delorme was tried for the murder of his half-brother and finally was acquitted. Because the accused was a priest every angle of the story was explored and "splashed." La Presse got one big scoop from Ferdinand Roby, a reporter who was hiding in a cupboard in a room when Delorme was being questioned by police. Roby was eventually called as a witness. Because of his close contacts with the whole affair he scored many beats and La Presse put on eighteen thousand circulation.

After this story there were rumors the Catholic Church was preparing to issue a proclamation forbidding congregations to read La Presse. That was when the accomplished city editor Hervé Major arrived on the scene and steadily the tone of the news pages changed.

Paradise For Pseudonyms

The last of the old brigade to retire from La Presse was Albert Laberge, the sports editor, now in his eighties. For thirty years he ran the sports page although his hatred of all forms of sports was notorious. He amazed one junior reporter at a big fight in which a Canadian had a good chance to win the world's middleweight championship by leaning over with a bored yawn and asking, "What is the name of that man?" Laberge preferred his library of classical literature, his collection of fine paintings and the company of scholars. He wrote three highbrow novels which were so frank in their love scenes that it was decided to limit the copies to private circulation.

On La Presse's week-end art pages the old-fashioned pseudonym is still in style. Roger Champoux writes movie reviews under the name Léon Franque. Jean Dufresne, Quebec's foremost authority on the French writer Marcel Proust, writes music notes under the pen name Marcel Valois, and Jacques La Roche, the drama critic, hides modestly behind the *nom de plume* Jean Béraud.

The nearest French-language Canadian rival to La Presse is L'Evenement Journal of Quebec City, with a circulation of just under a hundred and twenty-five thousand. The circulations of La Presse's Montreal contemporaries, Montreal Matin (forty-three thousand), Le Devoir (thirty thousand) and La Patrie (sixteen thousand) are relatively Lilliputian. In fact La Presse regards the English-language Montreal Star, with a circulation of one hundred and fifty-two thousand, as its only serious threat. The Star is gradually building up a following of bilingual French Canadians. La Presse's policies get a further airing over the French-language radio station CKAC, which it has owned since the earliest days of broadcasting, and CHLP, which it acquired in 1933 when it bought and continued to publish the rival evening paper, La Patrie.

La Presse is chided occasionally by Le Devoir for failing to take a stronger line in Quebec's squabbles with the federal government and the English-speaking provinces. La Presse never answers Le Devoir in its editorial columns. Lucien Dansereau, one of the directors, says, "If Le Devoir climbed up to a hundred thousand circulation we might be tempted to take some notice of it. But as things are what is the point of giving it free publicity?"

Behind the scenes on La Presse there has been an almost continuous struggle for power. When Treffle Berthiaume died in 1915 he left the paper in trust to his three sons and three daughters and decreed that when the children were all dead La Presse would become the outright property of the grandchildren. He named his son Artur as sole trustee of the property and then, eight days before he died, he named two more trustees, Joseph R. Mainville, a notary, and Zenon Fontaine, an advocate.

His last-minute change created legal wrangles that still are going on. Second son Eugene bitterly opposed the principle of two outsiders sharing the trusteeship and, as president (older brother Artur was chairman of the board) he dominated the management of the paper. Things reached a head in 1921 when Mainville died leaving a vacancy among the three trustees. Artur proposed his brother-in-law, Pamphile Real DuTremblay, as successor and the courts upheld him over counterclaims by Eugene.

Full details of what followed are a family secret. It is known that Eugene was ordered to keep away from the La Presse building and that police were empowered to enforce the decision. For three or four days Eugene locked himself in the building and defiantly continued to turn out the paper. Meals were brought in by messenger. Outside police waited to deny him readmission if he left the building. Finally Eugene capitulated. He was persuaded by the family to go to Paris and become the paper's European correspondent and he lived a lavish life. Once when crossing the Atlantic he booked a whole deck of cabins. On a visit to Montreal he once took a suite and then ordered all the locks changed. Visitors were admitted only after careful scrutiny by a Parisian manservant who answered the door.

Eugene outlived both his brothers and when Artur died in 1932 the presidency went to Eugene's brother-in-law, DuTremblay, who in 1942 was appointed to the Canadian Senate. In 1945 Eugene went to the courts, accusing DuTremblay of fraud, and once more the courts ruled against him. Suddenly in 1946 Eugene died in New York.

But La Presse's legal difficulties haven't ended. Recently legal proceedings were taken against the paper's board of directors by the founder's great-grandchildren. Their case, which at this writing is proceeding, is that under DuTremblay's presidency the board has declared such large annual dividends that insufficient funds have been laid aside for necessary capital improvements at the La Presse plant. The petitioners are demanding the restitution of more than a million dollars and the resignation of DuTremblay.

Even if Treffle Berthiaume's family inherited a contentious legacy, however, the editorial staff of La Presse inherited a fine professional tradition. The squabbles over La Presse's profits have never impaired its progress. Indeed, they've served to typify one of the traditional characteristics of the paper's vast audience, who love nothing so much as a lawsuit.

One person close to La Presse's affairs explains with a smile, "We are of Norman stock and to us arguments about legacies are the breath of life."

By those standards there's plenty of life left in La Presse—both in its columns and behind them. ★

To People who want to write

but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write but fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the former editor of Liberty said on this subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene. Who will take their places? Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."

[illegible]

Well I'm so [illegible] some thing I wanted [illegible] I decided to enroll for the N.I.A. Course. After the second assignment I sold one article [illegible]. The [illegible] Journal and the local paper have since [illegible]. I look forward eagerly to the future. —R. V. [illegible], Arnprior, Ontario, Canada

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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Stratford-upon-Avon can alter the fact that in Canada the theatre has shrunk like a raisin from its pre-cinema days.

However, conquerors beget conquerors and the kingdom of the cinema was eventually challenged by television. What price glory now? The film which had taken so much away from the theatre was going to be faced with a screen in your own home. No wonder Louis B. Mayer and his fellow magnates muttered, "Night or Blucher!" But in their hearts they did not believe that either could save them.

I have already written in Maclean's about the struggle in Britain to impose commercially sponsored programs on TV and I do not intend to discuss that once again until we have a chance to study it in action. But already we can see that, contrary to every prognostication, it is the poor old live theatre which is taking it on the chin rather than the cinema.

When I returned from Canada last autumn I arranged with my old friend Lord Beaverbrook to reduce my dramatic criticism to something like a watching brief because it was so difficult to get away from the House of Commons in the evenings. Instead I would take on the cinema because the new films are shown to critics in the morning.

He Descends To Cinema

To me it was a compromise forced by the duality of my life, and in my heart I felt it to be a descent to a lower plane. For a long period I had not gone more than half a dozen times a year to the cinema and there was no doubt in my mind that the live theatre was far superior because a dramatist could write for a limited intellectual public at one theatre whereas the film must sprawl itself over the minds of the ignorant, the young, the morons (as well as the nice people in their millions) and must be aimed at the level of mass intelligence.

That was five months ago. Today I am astonished at the vitality of the cinema. I am amazed at the excellence of the acting, production and writing. Certainly there are poor pictures which are an insult to human taste but they are few in number.

One of the first films I had to see as a critic was Julius Caesar. This, of course, was always the best gangster play ever written and it is astonishing that it took the picture makers so long to recognize that elemental truth. But how splendidly Hollywood did its job!

Then there was From Here to Eternity, which many of us felt should not have been made because of the terrible arraignment of the morals and discipline of the American soldier—but how passionately and brilliantly the story was conveyed on the screen!

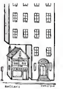
And since we can never leave out the ladies I must commend the prudence of Hollywood for putting Marilyn Monroe into so many pictures that finally in How to Marry a Millionaire she showed that she could act!

Nor were the British studios lagging behind. Malta Story was not as good as The Cruel Sea but it had enormous strength. Gilbert and Sullivan had a pompous script but the music was well done. The fact is that the British picture no longer begs for its place on the screen. We have better actors here than in Hollywood and we have thrown aside the inferiority complex of the early years of competition.

So now we come back to our argument. Against the prophecies of all the soothsayers it is not the cinema that is suffering most from the onslaught of television. I repeat that unhappily it is the live theatre which is bleeding alarmingly from its wounds.

The cinema can command the sea, the skies, the forest, the street for its settings in a story. The live theatre can only offer a couple of changes of scene at most, and usually there is no change at all. Therefore television can approximate the stage of the normal theatre.

What is more, the televiewers in their homes occupy the best seats from which they can see and hear everything clearly. They do not have to climb to the gallery and gaze at the distant stage or strain their ears for the last two or three words of every sentence.



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3 of strong (3 parts Myers's Jamaica Rum)
4 of weak (4 parts water and ice)
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EGG NOG
Pour 1 oz. Myers's Jamaica Rum into a shaker
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1 teaspoon of plain syrup
1 fresh egg. Plenty of chopped ice
Add nearly a glassful of rich milk
Shake well and strain into a tall glass
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Strangely enough, comedies do not appear to the same advantage on television as serious and especially intimate drama. Comedy needs the laughter of an audience which cannot be supplied by two or three people in a room. Wit, however, is another thing. Wit goes to the mind whereas humor goes to the abdomen and earns the reward of the belly laugh. Therefore broad comedy usually fails on television unless there is a stooge studio audience to do the laughing for you. On the other hand wit will earn the approving chuckle because it is individualistic in its appeal.

It will be a sad day in the life of England if the theatre dwindles to a condition where it can only offer musicals imported from Broadway or homemade plays that involve the minimum of production costs.

In a few minutes I must put down my pen because I am going to a reception to celebrate the eightieth birthday of Somerset Maugham. He has come to London from his home in the south of France because he wants to spend his birthday in the great town where he worked as a young doctor in the East End and then wrote the stories and plays which brought him wealth and immortality.

An Exasperating Period

Those were astonishing days in the London theatre after the 1914 war. Kipling was still alive and Barrie was enjoying a golden sunset in the theatre. Arnold Bennett was faltering brilliantly as a playwright but there was a fine intelligence even in his failures. Galsworthy was half succeeding in his attempt to use the theatre as a medium for awakening the sluggish social conscience of the nation. An impudent young rascal called Noel Coward was pestering managements to put on any one of the many plays which he had written. Freddie Lonsdale had struck gold with his comedies that satirized and glamorized the smart set at the same time.

Yet believe it or not, when Bernard Shaw—second only to Shakespeare in musicianship of words—gave London his new play Heartbreak House the critics (and the public) ridiculed it as the dodderings of an old man. It was a thrilling but exasperating period.

This evening when we congratulate Maugham at his party I hope that Coward and perhaps Lonsdale will be there. But Galsworthy, Shaw, Bennett and Drinkwater (who wrote Abraham Lincoln), Barrie and the others have been gathered to their fathers.

The theatre is a precious thing. If there had been no such invention as a printing press the theatre would not only be the custodian of our speech and manners, but would tell our continuing story as a people through the centuries.

Today the shadow of television is deep upon the living theatre. Shakespeare will hold his own and the latest success from Broadway will get a hearing. London will contrive to keep its theatres open but in the smaller provincial cities the struggle will be grim indeed.

Somerset Maugham may feel that the weight of years is heavy upon him, but he was lucky that his genius came to full tide in a period when the London theatre was vibrant, a new play was an event and television was a dream in a madman's head. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

have uttered a peep of protest against the economy program.

This is indeed a strong argument. The Pentagon Building is not in the habit of swallowing unpalatable instructions in meek silence. These cuts are substantial—four billions in money and ten percent in manpower. Why aren't the generals screaming?

Partly because even they admit there is some waste to be eliminated. The "crash program" of the Korean War had the inevitable extravagances and inefficiencies that must go with emergency measures. Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson believes that now, in relative peace, a lot of fat can be cut out without cutting muscle.

But a more important factor seems to be that the economy program reached the Joint Chiefs at the same time as the approvals of new atomic weapons. These offered such a tremendous increase in firepower, at such a moderate cost, that the active generals as well as General Eisenhower could accept the economy program with a clear conscience.

IN OTTAWA, at least, critics admit that this makes sense as far as it goes but they say it doesn't go far enough. Even if there's no actual withdrawal of American strength, the new policy of retaliation may result in a partial paralysis.

Obviously, the weapon of retaliation can only be used when the issue is clear and decisive. It means nothing less than a major war, and an end to all half measures. There have been in the past and may be in the future many blurred and ambiguous situations in which the threat of retaliation is really no threat at all.

And if the threat thus becomes a hollow one, the new U.S. strategy may become not more "flexible," as Dulles intends, but instead more rigid than ever. It lays down only two alternatives: all-out war or nothing. The odds are that in many cases, perhaps too many, "nothing" will be the alternative chosen.

However, this is a minor consideration compared to the danger that the United States is undertaking, consciously or unconsciously, the whole burden of decision for the whole free world.

United States strategy has become peripheral. It's based on a line of sea and air bases running all the way from Norway through Britain, Spain, North Africa, Greece and Turkey, and now to be extended to Pakistan. It's obvious that "victory by retaliation" could indeed be launched from this world-girdling line. It's much less obvious how the allies of the United States could be adequately consulted.

Europeans are not prepared to leave their fate in the hands of the United States on these terms anyway. If they are to be asked to give up their sovereignty in the vital matter of declaring war, they will demand that other people—including the United States—give up some sovereignty too.

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They might demand, for example, that NATO be converted into a much stronger supranational body with much broader and much more binding mutual obligations. If the United States wants the other partners to commit themselves to war through United States action, they want at least the right and the power to commit the United States in other ways. Specifically, they might try to broaden NATO's authority into the economic and social field, and build up a far greater and deeper NATO solidarity than has ever been attempted or even envisaged.

That, however, is an improbable and visionary alternative. A much more likely one is that NATO would simply collapse—or, still worse, fade into a mere object of lip service like the old League of Nations or the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact. This last would be an even greater calamity than open abandonment of the North Atlantic Treaty, because the citizens of the Western world would be allowed to bask in the illusion of a collective security which in fact would no longer exist.

No one is suggesting that this catastrophe is inevitable. It is merely a threat—but an increasing one. As one observer put it, paraphrasing John Foster Dulles' own words at the NATO Council meeting in Paris,

"If this keeps up, the United States may not be the only country to undertake an agonizing reappraisal of its foreign policy."

IMMIGRATION Department and Northern Affairs officials have recently turned up an amusing but embarrassing situation in the Mackenzie Delta, near Aklavik.

A small settlement of Eskimos there, maybe fifty or sixty men, women and children, have been getting the same treatment as other Eskimos in the Northwest Territories. They receive Family Allowance cheques, they vote in territorial elections, they're under the usual care of the Northern Affairs Division and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Now it turns out they aren't Canadians. They moved over to the Mackenzie Delta from Alaska some years ago when the fishing and hunting gave out in their old location. The Eskimos didn't know they were crossing an international border and probably don't know it yet, but they were.

This would be simple enough if it weren't for the provisions of the Citizenship Act. These immigrants have been here for more than five years, all right, but few of them have the knowledge of English or French that the Citizenship Act requires of New Canadians. They speak Eskimo. Fewer still could meet the act's stipulation that they have some knowledge of the rights and duties of Canadian citizens. (Neither have our own Canadian Eskimos, of course, but they are Canadians already and don't have to meet any tests.)

Officials in both departments have been conferring about the problem (purely legalistic and technical) of turning these Eskimos into Canadians so that they will be legally entitled to the benefits they are getting. One way would be to pass a special act of parliament for this special case; another, still being explored, would be to find some wrinkle or loophole in the Citizenship Act which would be stretched to meet the purpose.

Meanwhile, of course, the Eskimos themselves continue about their business blissfully unaware that they are in a foreign land. ★

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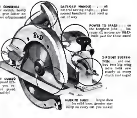

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UP, THE FRIENDS OF GRAMMAR!

There is nothing new or sensational about Dr. Rudolf Flesch's article, Grammar is a Waste of Time! (Feb. 1). Those of us whose duties include the teaching of English grammar are a little weary of American pundits who seek to rationalize the slipshod speech and writing habits prevalent in their country by condemning the Book of Rules. By the same token, no doubt, they would have us scrap the Ten Commandments.

It is typical of Dr. Flesch's disdain for accuracy that he should tell us that H. W. Fowler wrote his "masterpiece" (Modern English Usage) when he was seventy years old. This work was in fact planned and started jointly by the two Fowler brothers as early as 1911 and much of its contents was published long before 1926.

As the Fowlers' work itself testifies, English grammar is not a piece of dead pedantic lumber. It ... will survive in spite of its detractors, long after Dr. Flesch and his theories have been consigned to the contempt and oblivion they deserve.—James Gray, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Que.

- Three cheers for Mr. Flesch. Effen I had of read his piece about grammar along time ago I wouldn't never of went to school ntall.

Peepul is more perceptive now they knows they aint no sense lernin a bunch a rules for nothin on account the main thing is fifty million peepul cant be wrong and if they mostly all sez I have saw instead of I have seed that proves I have saw is right don't it. Just like why learn the multiplication tables if you has work a cash register and why be bothered with spellin if you has use a typeritter.—Alex Sexton, Wawanesa, Man.

- Flesch's proposed relaxation of grammar rules would result in a loosening in our thought. It is a well established fact that a well integrated, closely knit language produces great thinkers in every field. ...—G. P. MacPherson, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

- Whom, pray tell me, is Dr. Rudolph Flesch? ...—Mildred J. Young, Toronto.

- Flesch seems to be right—as far as he is concerned. If he had studied the subject more thoroughly he would not now be writing such confused sentences as: "We are not all meant to drive a Buick as soon as six people out of ten in our block drive a Buick." How can we *all* drive a Buick? Or is there a Buick with six steering wheels so that six people could drive a Buick? ... In this case it is easy to understand what he means, but if confusion of singular and plural is carried too far, the English language can be misused to the point of incomprehensibility. Hence the value of the study of grammar.—Barbara Mactaggart, Westmount, Que.

- You are to be congratulated for publishing Flesch's article. ... We need to ever bear in mind that English as she is spoke (and writ) was developed by people who knew no grammar and the efforts of Bishop Lowth and his followers to befuddle us are but a feeble and futile effort to analyze that which defies logical analysis. For example, a snowman is a man made of snow, but a horseman is a man skilled in handling horses. Yet a man skilled in handling cattle is a cowboy, while a cattleman is a man who owns cattle. That's English as she is spoke. And I might add, "spoke" for "spoken" is no worse than lunch for luncheon or piano for pianoforte.—Peter Miller, Bateman, Sask.

At the Parish Pump

Re your article My Six Weeks With the Commies (John Laffi, Feb. 1) —I'm ashamed of a Canadian and a student at the University of Toronto acting like he did in a foreign land. He had no business getting in the parade like he did but since he did instead of hailing his own country and Queen he hailed a foreign country's President Eisenhower. Why didn't he say "Long Live the Queen" or "Long Live St. Laurent"? ... I'm not ashamed of my country. Are you? —Mrs. Lottie Walters, Chatham, Ont.

Hiawatha and The League

That Chivalrous Savage ... Joseph Brant, by A. Elliston Cooper (Jan. 15) is ably written and authoritative ... but Cooper has unwittingly become the victim of that Longfellow-Hiawatha trap. Hiawatha was not the founder of the Five Nations, the League of the Iroquois. The founder of the league was Deganawedah, the great Huron prophet. Hiawatha was Deganawedah's assistant. Longfellow was rather careless in his research.

Cooper's description of the withdrawal of the Indians from battle and their cry, "Oonah! Oonah!" is most interesting; this means, "I withdraw!" or "I leave you now," and it is this word which many red men and adopted Iroquois use at the close of letters.—Wallace Havelock Robb, Kingston, Ont.

The Encyclopaedia Britannica states: "According to tradition Hiawatha, a Mohawk, and Dekanawida, reputedly a Huron, induced the five tribes to form a league ..."

Gilmour vs. Martin & Lewis

I am getting very peeved at Clyde Gilmour and his insults (or the next thing to it) at Martin and Lewis. What this world needs today is laughter and they certainly provide plenty of that, and not just for kiddies either. Let's see Clyde Gilmour make people laugh and forget their troubles the way they do.—F. McMahon, Whitehorse, Yukon ★

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Can McCarthy Happen Here?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

which might have ruined Canadian agriculture they are still in their jobs

You can find the same contrast in earlier examples. In 1924 a U S Congressional committee headed by Senator Thomas Walsh exposed the Teapot Dome oil scandal which eventually sent one member of the Harding cabinet and three of his senior officials to prison. In 1925 a Canadian Parliamentary committee studied the Customs scandal already exposed by H H Stevens, Conservative MP. Before the enquiry began the responsible cabinet minister was removed to the sanctuary of the Senate

Not that Canadian Parliamentary investigations have always been ineffective. The first such Parliamentary committee (later superseded by a royal commission) aired the Pacific scandal of 1872 and found that Prime Minister Sir John A Macdonald had demanded campaign funds from the man who was to have built the CPR, Sir Hugh Allan. Similar committees exposed the McGreevy scandal in the 1890s (padded contracts) the Beauharnois scandal of 1931 (contributions from seekers after power rights including payment of a holiday hotel bill for Mackenzie King when he was Prime Minister) and innumerable scandals in provincial affairs across Canada.

Generally speaking though the United States Congressional committee has been a much sterner inquisitor. Even before the Revolution, as far back as 1701, the New York legislature jailed two men who refused to testify about payment of a bribe to a corrupt official. Since 1857 contempt of Congress has been a statutory offense for which Americans could be prosecuted—the ten Hollywood writers and directors who refused to answer questions by the House Un-American Activities Committee a few years ago were convicted and sentenced by an ordinary court. At the same time Congress retains its own power to punish directly.

Canada's parliament, like Britain's, has full power to punish contempt but the power is not often exercised. The last occasion was in 1913 when one R C Miller was sent to Ottawa jail until the end of the current session after having twice refused to answer a question put to him. (Miller had charged publicly that he'd had to pay forty-one thousand dollars in bribes in order to get a hundred and seventeen thousand dollars' worth of government business. Parliament demanded to know who had received the alleged bribes. Miller refused to tell.)

Normally the Canadian House has been lenient. During the Pacific scandal the committee wanted to question L S Huntington, the MP who had made the charges against Sir John Macdonald. Huntington refused to appear. It was supposed that he did not wish to be questioned about his methods of obtaining the information. According to an affidavit in the archives, the Liberals bought the incriminating documents from an ex-employee of Sir Hugh Allan's firm for five thousand dollars cash and the promise of a job when the Liberals got into office. But Huntington was never compelled to testify and the facts have never really been established.

The U S Congress, if it followed its normal practice, would have got to the bottom of this. These sterner methods of course have their own disadvantages even in the best of cases.

One of the most useful U S enquiries of recent years revealed that officials of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, a U S Government lending agency, were being treated to costly Florida vacations by corporations seeking loans. The situation was exposed by a Senate committee of which William Fulbright of Arkansas was chairman and Paul Douglas of Illinois an energetic member.

Fulbright is a former Rhodes scholar, Douglas a university professor; both have impeccable reputations for intelligence, integrity and fairness of mind. Their committee did an admirable job and cleaned up a bad mess. Yet Senator Douglas himself said to me in Washington a few weeks ago:

"Looking back and knowing what I know now, I think we were unfair to some people.

"It's almost impossible to maintain a just balance when you're both prosecutor and judge. There's a constant temptation to 'get' the man you're questioning, if you have any reason to think he's involved in whatever you're trying to expose. You're tempted partly because you are a sort of prosecutor and partly because of the publicity you're getting. Publicity is valuable to us all in politics."

If that temptation affects even such a man as Paul Douglas you can imagine what it does to the chairmen of the three Congressional committees, two in the Senate and one in the House, which have for the last several years spent all their time investigating Communism.

McCarthy's Interest Belated

None is a man of distinguished record. Senator McCarthy, who has had the most publicity, heads the Senate's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations. Until he began preaching anti-Communism in 1949 he had enjoyed little public notice and some of that was unfavorable. McCarthy's interest in Communism though intense was somewhat belated. Philip Potter, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, made a careful search of McCarthy's pre-1949 speeches and found only one mention of Communism in his whole public career.

Senator Jenner heads the Internal Security Subcommittee which has been preoccupied with Communism for some years. Jenner's chief claim to fame, until he assumed his present post, was having outdone even McCarthy in vituperation against that distinguished American General George C Marshall, the man who gave his name to the Marshall Plan. While the Republicans were out of power Jenner was commonly regarded as a McCarthy man. Since the Eisenhower victory he has shown himself much more amenable to party discipline than McCarthy and has acquired more respectability among Republicans. The administration tries to divert "subversion" cases to the Jenner committee and away from the McCarthy committee whenever it can.

Congressman Harold Velde of Illinois is chairman of the oldest committee of the three, the House Un-American Activities Committee, first set up under Martin Dies in 1938. Velde is a former FBI agent, later elected county judge and still called "Judge" by his staff. He is rated an amiable convivial soul who was little known before the Republicans came to power. He has since won brief bursts of fame by suggesting his committee might investigate the clergy and by trying to subpoena former President Harry Truman.

Unlike a Parliamentary committee in Canada, which never has a budget and seldom has a staff, Congressional committees are well provided with funds and full time workers. Last year the three investigating committees got seven hundred and nineteen thousand dollars plus fifty thousand for a special committee to investigate tax-exempt foundations. McCarthy's share was two hundred thousand, Jenner's two hundred and nineteen thousand, Velde's three hundred thousand. Velde's committee employs forty people and has a file room said to contain six hundred thousand individual dossiers. Jenner's staff usually runs around two dozen, McCarthy's about twenty (not counting informers in the field).

There are no hard statistics to show what the committees have accomplished. They are in session most of the time in Washington or elsewhere. They have heard hundreds, perhaps thousands of witnesses — each committee tries to interview all it can find and most of the best known informers have appeared before all three at one time or another. So also have many of those suspected Communists who "plead the Fifth Amendment" — i.e. refuse to answer questions on the ground that "no person shall be compelled in any criminal case to be witness against himself." (A Congressional hearing is not a criminal case but courts have upheld a man's right to refuse if a truthful answer might tend to incriminate him.) About two hundred and fifty such balky witnesses appeared last year but no one has sorted them out to eliminate duplications.

In general terms though it is not difficult to appraise what each committee has done. Contrary to an opinion widespread in both countries Senator McCarthy has accomplished least of the three. No case of espionage,

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MARTINI & ROSSI - TORINO, ITALY

no highly placed Communist has ever been exposed by McCarthy. In his own report of committee activities in 1953 he says he unearthed "a number" of "Fifth Amendment Communists" on Government payrolls; the New York Times enquired and learned that the number was four. No names were given. Apparently none was thought important enough for special mention.

Most of McCarthy's work has been to exhume, as he did in the case of the unfortunate Aaron Coleman, cases already examined by other agencies. He has often been able to have people fired who had previously been cleared but I don't know any case in which he produced new evidence.

Undoubtedly, though, he has been largely responsible for the present atmosphere of alarm, suspicion and insecurity in the U.S. government service at home and abroad. If this is a benefit to the United States and her allies McCarthy deserves credit for it.

Senator Jenner's committee, unlike McCarthy's, has not been entirely dominated by the chairman, either Jenner or his predecessor, Senator Pat McCarran. It has been more under the charge of its chief counsel, Robert Morris, who resigned in January to become a judge in New York.

Morris is a very different man from McCarthy. He got little publicity for his work and as far as I know has never been accused of seeking it. His reports for the committee are well written, moderate in tone and appear to be well documented. Morris documents his reports with actual quotations and not, as is McCarthy's habit, with subtly adjusted paraphrases.

That Lattimore Case

Probably the most important and certainly the most controversial task of the Jenner-McCarran committee in recent years was its investigation of the Institute of Pacific Relations—or as it might well be called, "The Trial of Owen Lattimore."

Lattimore's name was brought into public controversy by McCarthy in 1949, when McCarthy called him "Number One Soviet Agent" in the State Department and "chief architect" of U.S. Far Eastern policy. Neither then nor since could McCarthy produce any evidence to support his charge. A Senate committee enquiry learned that Lattimore had never worked for the State Department except as an occasional consultant, that no recent Secretary of State had ever so much as met this "chief architect" of State Department policy. The Senate committee reported that McCarthy's charges were "a fraud and a hoax" and gave Lattimore a clean bill of health.

Later the case was taken up again by the Jenner committee (or, as it then was, the McCarran committee). The committee did not prove nor did its report say that Lattimore was a Communist Party member. Its proof seems thin and shaky for its statement that Lattimore was "a conscious articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy" in his writings and his activities in the Institute of Pacific Relations. The committee accused Lattimore of perjury; four of the seven charges laid as a result of the report were thrown out of court before trial. (This decision is now being appealed.)

But though the enquiry did not convict Lattimore of any offense and certainly did not substantiate any of McCarthy's charges, it did produce documentary evidence that Lattimore had not been as detached an interpreter of Far Eastern affairs as he was supposed to be. He was a consistent partisan of the Soviet point of view in a large number of issues in Far Eastern policy and the committee hearings established this fact beyond reasonable doubt.

It's a matter for argument though whether this is to the credit or discredit of Robert Morris and the Internal Security Subcommittee. Deservedly or not Owen Lattimore was ruined by that hearing. His career as a professor and expert journalist has been irretrievably wrecked. So he was on trial for his livelihood if not his life and it's hard to believe he got a really fair trial.

"It was like watching a bear-baiting," one spectator said. "Lattimore was like an animal at bay, with the whole pack of them against him and nobody on his side. They would badger and beat him into saying something he didn't quite mean and then they'd threaten him with a perjury charge."

One trouble is that the Jenner-McCarran committee is a monolith—there are two parties represented among its members but only one point of view. McCarran, though a Democrat, is just as much a McCarthy man as Jenner ever was.

This is one reason why the House Un-American Activities Committee is rated by far the best of the three by Washington reporters who cover the Red-hunting beat. Velde's committee is genuinely bipartisan—its Democrats are Liberal Democrats. It has a minority as well as a majority counsel, which means there is some reasonable facsimile of cross-examination and of counsel for the defense. (In the McCarran committee hearings, the least prejudiced man was Robert Morris and he was in the role of prosecutor.)

The House Un-American Activities Committee also has the best record of accomplishment. This was the committee which exposed Alger Hiss. If it hadn't been for that committee Hiss would still be president of the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace, still a trusted friend and counselor of the State Department, still a potent influence in getting a young man a job in the U.S. Foreign Service. The committee proved (beyond, I think, a reasonable doubt) that Hiss was in fact a Soviet spy.

Few Canadians appreciate even now the shock this was to the American people. It's as if a former Rhodes scholar now high in the Government's councils—someone like Jack Pickersgill or Mike Pearson while they were still civil servants — had suddenly turned out to be an enemy agent. And of course none of Hiss' colleagues had suspected him—so that when the proof finally came the administration was open to the charge of laxity and sloth.

Canada's postwar experience with the Soviet spy machine was different in every important particular. The spies that Igor Gouzenko exposed, far from being eminent and uniquely trusted, were little people of no great account. Much of the information they gave to the Russians was trivial but the Canadian Government did not fail to take the conspiracy seriously. Once it was convinced that Igor Gouzenko was telling the truth it acted with unprecedented harshness.

More than a dozen suspects were got out of bed before dawn and held incommunicado, with no charge laid against them, for weeks while they were examined without benefit of counsel. Some who were later convicted of espionage were convicted largely on their own testimony given before the Royal Commission. Some who refused to talk were acquitted; the Crown had no admissible evidence against them. Of the twenty people named as spies in the Royal Commission report only ten were convicted and sentenced; nine were found not guilty and one was never charged.

"Get tired of removing splinters . . ."

Whether the Government's extraordinary measures were justified, Canadians ought to remember that in the United States they simply could not have been taken. The Bill of Rights, the first ten amendments to the United States Constitution, would have prevented them. In Canada the necessary authority was provided by a secret order-in-council signed by only four cabinet ministers; even the rest of the cabinet didn't know what was afoot. Nobody in the United States from the president down could have done such a thing legally. They can't do that kind of thing to American citizens.

Another thing to remember, perhaps the most important thing of all in comparing the two countries' anti-Communist policies, is the kind of criticism these harsh measures brought forth. Nobody ever said the Canadian Government was lax or "soft." Quite the contrary. What little criticism there was, and it was little enough, was all against the over-severity, the abolition of civil liberties and the arbitrary use of police power.

Thus the Canadian Government, unharried by the hue and cry that McCarthy and company were raising in the United States, could face the continuing problem of "subversion" and security in relative peace and quiet. There was no demand for "loyalty boards," no urge toward witch hunts. Canada's security system, what there is of it, was set up with a minimum of publicity.

Security checks are carried out here for positions requiring access to classified information, with the RCMP providing informative reports but no recommendations. Each "vulnerable" department has a security officer; there is an interdepartmental advisory committee known as the "security panel" which tries to keep security policy consistent throughout the government service. But ultimate responsibility remains with the head of each department. There are no laid-down rules that for this, that or the other reason a civil servant must be dismissed or retained. If his boss continues to trust him, he stays. If not, he goes.

There is no machinery for appeal or any other such protection for an accused man. Even the word "accused" is misleading for no accusation is made as a rule. A suspected man may be and a few have been fired out of hand without being told why. Such a man could ask to have his case reviewed and carry it up to the head of his department but he has no appeal to any outside authority.

In practice, a suspect is not usually dismissed from the civil service but merely transferred away from secret work. Whenever possible he is moved to a job with equal pay so that he suffers no financial loss. Nevertheless, security officers are specifically reminded that transfer to a less congenial job is still a penalty, and must not be inflicted unless there are real grounds for misgiving.

A Gentle Hint

Occasionally, with men of specialized talents or qualifications, no alternative to dismissal has been considered safe. In these cases there has at least been a real attempt to cause as little damage as possible to the victim's future. Here's one example which happened a few years ago.

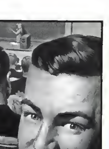
Security officers received, from a police source who had to be kept absolutely secret, unfavorable reports on a man engaged in very secret work. The man's boss called him in.

"I can't answer any questions," he said, "but I want to give you some advice. You have no future here. I can't promote you. I'll certainly have to transfer you, maybe fire you.

"My advice is this: write to some industrial companies that have nothing to do with defense contracts. Tell them you're fed up with bureaucracy, that you can't see adequate advancement ahead of you, that you need more money. Tell them to write to me for a reference. If they do, I'll tell them you're a thoroughly competent man at your job and that your work has been entirely satisfactory."

The man said, "Thanks very much," did as he was told and got a better job than he'd had with the Government. For all I know he still has it—I don't know who he is, nor does anybody else except the two or three people who know the whole story.

I recounted this example of the Canadian security system to several American friends; none of them liked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The Registrar,
Royal Military College,
Kingston, Ont.

The Registrar,
Royal Roads,
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The Registrar, Collège Militaire
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it. One said, "It's not fair to the man's new employer." Another said "It's not fair to the man—he's being pushed out on pure suspicion, no charge against him, no accuser, nothing. What happens if he says he won't do it? If he demands to know why he's being fired?"

In this case he didn't—but it's a good question. Canada has no machinery whereby a civil servant can have a formal appeal against this kind of thing. If a suspect tries to fight there is no way that he can win.

Perhaps a more serious point about the Canadian system or lack of system was raised by a senior civil servant who's had a lot of experience with security cases.

"We think our system works beautifully," he said, "and so do the Americans so far. They keep telling us how quiet and efficient we are. But the truth is, we're operating mostly on faith; we don't really know whether we have the problem under control or not. The Mounties do their best but they're overworked and understaffed and they can't check everybody. We might have a spy case, even a Hiss case, blow right up in our faces some day."

If that ever happens we shall really face the question, "Can McCarthyism happen here?"

Individual Not Protected

No machinery for a Canadian McCarthy exists now. We have no Parliamentary committee even remotely like the three which hunt Reds in Washington. However we could create one at short notice if we got into a panicky mood. Parliament could any time it liked adopt John Blackmore's resolution and set up an inquisition aimed at "conceivable" Communist infiltration.

In that event Canadians would have no fixed constitutional safeguard like the U. S. Bill of Rights which lays down certain things that no agency of government can do to a citizen. Our constitution protects the rights of the provinces against Ottawa and vice versa, but it doesn't protect the individual Canadian against either.

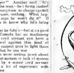
Given a high enough pitch of hysteria parliament could enact laws granting extraordinary power to government and police agents, power to do things nobody can do in the United States.

But one constitutional safeguard we do have is that parliament must enact the law. (The 1945-46 investigation and the authority to hold suspects without trial rested on the War Measures Act which is no longer in force.) There is no possibility that a Canadian McCarthy could do what his prototype has done, and become a tremendous sinister power against the will of both major parties, all constituted authority and a majority of the people.

If Canada ever has a McCarthy he won't be a lone wolf. Under our parliamentary system he could not succeed merely by defying the Government. Directly or indirectly he'd have to capture it.

So McCarthyism could happen here, yes—but not quite as it has happened to our neighbors. Not in spite of us, not against our will. So long as most Canadians continue to believe in personal freedom, in the right of a man to face his accuser and be tried in the open—so long we needn't worry much about McCarthy. But if we ever grow smug about our freedom or careless of our rights, there is nothing in our constitution or our law to guarantee us against the kind of justice that is symbolized by the Senator from Wisconsin. ★

The story of your Canada Post Office—No 10



International Mail Payments
Some Aspects

International postal business is not of straight exchange—except in parcel post and air mail. The country that sells the stamps keeps the money on the principle that, as every letter is likely to prompt a reply, "the breaks break even".

Mail that passes through intermediate countries before delivery is however another matter. The sender still keeps the money but part of it has to be paid to each country through which the transit mail is carried.

What looks like a tough problem involving millions of letters and more than 60 countries is settled quite simply. Every three years the weight and volume of Canada's transit mail is checked for 28 days at the dispatching and receiving points on the East and West coasts and in the Prairies. Statistics of the weight of mail sent to and received from all parts of the globe—and which has passed through intermediate countries in transit—are compiled. The record is checked against the scale of charges agreed on by the Universal Postal Union of which Canada has been a member since 1878: these charges being fixed on the basis of routes in relation to distance travelled.

Everybody accepts the 28-day check. To arrive at annual payments for the next three years the amounts which the statistics show as owing to each country are multiplied by 13 and 10 per cent is deducted to compensate for the weight of the mailbags that fell to return.

Each country makes the same check at the same time, and the answers must tally. Then when matters are balanced all down the line, adjustments are made between the countries concerned.

Help your Canada Post Office to help you by pre-paying the correct postage. Ensure that each piece of mail carries a return address.

CANADA POST OFFICE

Hon. Alcide Côté
Q.C., M.P.
Postmaster General

W. J. Turnbull
Deputy Postmaster General

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Thomas B. Costain likes to reminisce about the five years he edited Maclean's.

RETURN OF A NATIVE

OUR PUBLICATION of The White and the Gold in fifteen long chapters beginning this issue marks not only one of the most ambitious projects Maclean's has yet undertaken but also sees the return to these pages of an old friend. Thomas B. Costain was ten years with Maclean Hunter (he started here in 1910) and for his last five years with the firm he was editor in chief of this magazine. We lunched with Costain the other day and he was happy to reminisce about those times, when most of the present staff were in swaddling clothes and some weren't even born. In those days Costain had only one assistant and a stenographer but he managed to double the circulation of the magazine during his tenure of office and to get every important Canadian writer contributing regularly to these pages.

Those were the days of Robert W. Service, Arthur Stringer, Ralph Connor, Sir Gilbert Parker and Charles G. D. Roberts. Then by there were as familiar to Maclean's readers then as Robert Thomas Allen or Beverley Baxter is now. Leacock appeared in every issue while Costain's editorship and Service sent a total of sixty long war poems from the front lines in France. They were later published as Rhymes of a Red Cross Man and were the most popular verses published during the first war.

Costain came to the Maclean Publishing Company with a wealth of newspaper experience. He'd been on the Brantford Courier, Guelph Herald and Toronto Mail and Empire and had served three years as editor of the Guelph Mercury, when the business manager of Hardware and Metal lured him into the magazine field. The manager's name was Horace T. Hunter and he's now chairman of the board of the Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited.

After Costain left Maclean's in 1920 he went to the Saturday Evening Post where he rapidly rose to be right-hand man of the great George Horace Lorimer. He stayed with the Post until 1936 and then decided to write historical novels.

History has always been Costain's hobby. He started out by writing a synopsis for a proposed history book called Stepchildren of History dealing with six little-known historical characters. His agent said the material was so good there were probably six novels in it and Costain took the hint. His first four novels, including the two biggest best sellers, The Black Rose and The Moneyman, were based on material gathered for this unwritten book.

But after producing a string of best sellers Costain went back to straight history, producing the first two volumes of his ambitious Pageant of England series which when it is finished will cover British history from the Conqueror to Victoria. The White and the Gold is the first volume of a similar Canadian series. Costain got the idea four years ago during a discussion with some Canadian writers at his home in Lakeville, Conn. The original intention was for Costain to write a three book series but as soon as he got into the research he realized it would be at least five, if not six.

"This made it impossible for me to handle alone so I went to George Nelson of Doubleday's Canada and proposed we change the scheme and have a different Canadian writer for each volume," he told us. The second volume is now being prepared by an old associate of Costain's, Joseph Lister Rutledge, who worked as associate editor of Maclean's in Costain's day. ★

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RANDOM notes on the activities of Canadian women:

A little old Vancouver lady walked into the office of the B. C. Electric Company and asked what they charged to install a meter jumper. "How's that?" asked the clerk, who knew very well that it's a highly illegal device to tap the electric lines without running the juice through a meter. "I'm not exactly sure what they are," the lady said, "but the man next door has one, and he says it saves him an awful lot of money."

• • •

A farmer's wife in the Ottawa Valley takes advantage of the good-natured rural mailman who will often help out by doing little errands for those along the route. One day he found inside her mailbox six eggs and the following note: "Please, I didn't have any change so will you sell these eggs to get a stamp for this letter and with the change bring me six postcards and the rest in three cent stamps. Thanks."

• • •

Two young women driving from Opal to Fedorah, Alta., in twenty-four-below weather saw a man walking along the road with a brief case under his arm. They stopped and asked him if he'd like a lift. "Where are you from?" he asked. "Up the road," they replied. "Got any credentials?" One girl could produce a driver's license but the other had nothing. "Sorry," the man said, "can't take any chances. A person can't be too careful about who he rides with these days."

• • •

In Calgary, when a jewelry store opened its doors on half price sale day the charge was led by a woman who dashed to the china department and promptly laid claim to some cups and saucers. Moments later another breathless matron trotted up, admired one of the cups, and made a move to pick it up. The first woman seized the offending arm and bit hard . . . chomp chomp. Horrified, the sales clerk rushed off to report the incident to an assistant manager but he sent her back to her post, saying wisely, "Let them fight it out . . . I'm having no part of it." The cannibal won.

HERE IS A LITTLE THING I PICKED UP TODAY!

Vancouver police fight on two fronts. When they aren't handing out tags to drivers they go after jaywalking pedestrians. One jaywalker noticed a constable coming after him and headed into a large department store, the cop hard on his heels. Up the stairs they went and then the pedestrian dived through a door marked "Washroom." The officer took a quick look, stopped short and waited patiently outside the door. Moments later the embarrassed fugitive stepped quickly out and accepted his ticket. The sign on the door also said "Ladies."

LADIES WASHROOM
SLAM
NOW WILL YOU BELIEVE JAYWALKIN'S DANGEROUS?

• • •

A Sarnia, Ont., girl out with her boy friend faced up to one of life's flattering problems. "I'll give you a ring tomorrow," the lad said as he took her home. "How sweet of you, dear," she replied, "but I don't think Mother will let me get married. After all I'm only seventeen." The young man did not press the matter.

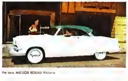
• • •

An elderly woman in Vancouver is believed to be the oldest living Canadian. When she reached her one hundred and fourth birthday her son reported that he had documents which proved her age beyond a doubt. But reporters who called on the woman heard a different, if familiar story. "Poppycock," she told them. "Don't you believe it. Why, I've only just turned ninety-three."

• • •

A man and woman visiting the mental hospital in Orillia, Ont., asked if they might be shown around. Their guide was one of the patients, who showed them through the various buildings and over the grounds. When they came to the dining hall the woman noticed that a large clock on the wall showed the wrong time and said to her guide, "Why, that clock isn't right." The man patiently explained, "M'am, I know it isn't right. If it were it wouldn't be here."

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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